

THE
Bath Unmask'd.

A
COMEDY.

Acted at the

THEATRE ROYAL

IN

Lincoln's-Inn-Fields.

Written by Mr. ODINGSELLS.

*Il vero, e vivo
Amor de l'alma è l'alma: ogn' altro ogetto,
Perche d'amare è privo,
Degno non è de l'amoroso affetto.
L'anima, perche solo è riamante,
Sola è degna d'amor, degna d'amante.*

Pastor fido.

DUBLIN:

Printed by and for GEORGE GRIERSON, at the
Two Bibles in Essex-Street. MDCXXV.



P

[A
P

Here

Mum

Nay,

Pilp

'Tis

Isha

But

It fit

Nou

Snar

But

It is

You

'Tis



PROLOGUE.

[A Poet runs in, with a Crown of Bays in his Hand.]

Protect me, brother wits ! I'm come for shelter,
Chas'd by a cry of critics helter-skelter.

Here 'tis —— (Holds up the crown) —— I found it in
Apollo's grotto.

Mum ! —— Vivitur ex rapto is our motto.

Nay, don't look shy upon a thieving brother ;

Pilf'rers should always stand by one another.

'Tis your own interest, —— for if I am taken.

I shall impeach you all to save my bacon.

But hold ! —— let's try how it becomes my scone !

(As he goes to put it on, a hand-thro' the
curtain changes it for a fool's cap.)

It fits as it were fashion'd for the nonce.

Now I may claim my sitting in the pit,

Snarl with the critics, rally with the wit.

But stop, good forward sir, —— perhaps you'll say,

It is your turn to entertain to day :

You're but the cook —— we the invited guests ;

'Tis ours to censure and to carve the feast.

P R O L O G U E.

*I see already by your mincing graces,
 You've puny stomachs, but damn'd hungry fates.
 You'll cut, and slash, and piddle, but can't eat;
 Like a town-doxey at a country-treat,
 Who fain would top the dainty air upon us:
 Surfeiting load, cry's she! — have mercy on us!
 These coarse-bred clowns! — Lord! — job! — such Tra-
 montanes!*

Tho' the starv'd jade at home must feed on grains.

*But truce with allegory. — I surmise
 You think it just — I should apologize
 For my first-born — that he's not over-wise.
 There's an excuse unthought of. — Is it fit
 That any first-born should inherit wit?
 But I consent if the assembly please,
 Tho' 'twould be hard to bring me on my knees,
 When many of my brethren scribble on,
 Yet never once ask pardon of the town.
 Tho' critics tell us, they're as blund'ring rogues
 As e'er crack'd sense for jest in coif or brogues;
 As dull as critic spleen, — and there you know
 Proverbial maxims can no farther go.*

*But that's aside — for should they overhear me,
 The toothless curs would mumble me, I fear me.
 I own, tho' by the badge of my profession —*

(Claps his hand to his cap.)

*Nay, cease your grin till I have made confession:
 You are enough to shame a young beginner. —
 Howe'er laugh on — for I'm an arrant grinner!
 Like you make jokes, tho' like you to maintain 'em,
 I'm forc'd to write a comment to explain 'em.*

PROLOGUE.

*As to the fair—— would they vouchsafe their grace,
And as they judge of lovers, judge of plays,
This crown might win a fortune in these days.*

(Pulls it off, and looks on it.

*What's here—— you pow'rs, who envy growing fame,
Is this design'd for my reproof or shame?
No matter. —— To incorrigibles 'tis the same.
I'm not the first, seduc'd by muse-like vision,
Hath found from bard to fool a smooth transition.
For proof I'll hand the jest about the pit.
Have at you, brother wits! —— the cap will fit.*



Drama-

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Lord *Wiseman*,
Mr. *Sprightly*,
Sir *Captious Whiffle*,
Pander
Monsieur *Fripon*,
Sharper,
A *Taylor*.

Mr. *Boheme*,
Mr. *Ryan*,
Mr. *Hippisley*,
Mr. *Egleton*,
Mr. *Walker*,
Mr. *Diggs*,
Mr. *Hall*,

Officer, Servants, &c.

W O M E N.

Lady *Ambrose*,
Honor } Daughters to
Liberia } Lady *Ambrose*.
Cleora.
Miss *Whiffle*.
Wife to Monsieur *Fripon*.
Tippet, Maid to *Cleora*.

Mrs. *Egleton*,
Mrs. *Vincent*.
Mrs. *Bullock*,
Mrs. *Parker*,
Mrs. *Legar*,
Mrs. *Plomer*.
Mrs. *Morgan*,

SCENE, the *BATH*.

THE



THE
Bath *Unmask'd.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Area before the Abbey

Lord Wiseman, Mr. Sprightly.

Sprightly.



Was afraid, my lord, you had taken such a surfeit from our last night's entertainment, that you had resolv'd to lock your self up, and hazard your vertue no more in this contagious air.

L. Wife. I confess, I gather'd so much matter for reflection, that I did not rise till twelve.

Spri. I'll not put you out of countenance by asking what resolution you came to; for I know you are such a hero in constancy, you can love in spite of reason and resentment——but I wonder you do not consult your ease and credit by reforming your principles.

L. Wife. What do you mean?

Spri.

Spri. Reduce them to the standard of politeness, and learn to sin with a *bonne grace*.

L. Wise. Would you have me turn libertine?

Spri. If ever you hope to win *Liberia's* favour.

Can you imagine a lady of her free conduct will ever like that solemn countenance of yours, that carries a reprimand in every glance? you are unreasonable enough, I'll warrant, to expect that modesty should be an essential part of a fine lady's character.

L. Wise. Without dispute.

Spri. I have often told you, my lord, you would have made a handsome figure a generation or two ago: but the wisdom of the present age has nicely found out that our fore-fathers were a sad dull race; who not having wit enough to be wicked, were forc'd to advance a set of tame notions, call'd morals, to which they pretended to surrender their judgments; but was no other than a piece of finesse to hide their incapacities.

L. Wise. There have been licentious people in all ages; but among the softer sex vice has always been thought scandalous, and reputation valued above life.

Spri. Why, there again——reputation!——what is that but the opinion of the world? and if the world think fit to correct their ideas, why may not libertinism and reputation consist?

L. Wise. Monstrous absurdity! can the opinion of the world turn vice into virtue?

Spri. Our wits are endeavouring very strenuously at it, and have succeeded so well, that they have brought it into fashion; and if that does not make virtue of it, it gives it at least a firm establishment.——So that the man who sets up to rail at our new reputation, will be reckon'd an uncouth sort of a heterodox sloven—he may as well attempt to cry down masquerades in the drawing room.

L. Wise. Is it possible?

Spri. And practicable too!——come, come——I know you are incorrigibly hers,——and since lewdness is the characteristic of gentility, shake off that musty air, and vindicate your title.

L. Wise.

L. Wife. I hope you don't suspect I will ever sacrifice my honour to my love.

Spri. No, no, ——— as times go, 'tis but sacrificing an impertinent sobriety to your honour. ——— Tho' (to use the freedom of a friend) when a man has given up his reason, I don't see what guard is left for his honour; and that such is the case, with you, witness the preference you give *Liberia* to her sister *Honorio*.

L. Wife. Such a commanding aspect!

Spri. Such a modest sweetness!

L. Wife. Such a beauteous form!

Spri. Such a simplicity of behaviour! so much good sense heighten'd by a nobleness of spirit!

L. Wife. 'Tis true. ——— And I must own, *Honorio* attracts my esteem, while *Liberia* ravishes my love.

Spri. Spoke like an absolute lover ——— always at defiance with common sense! ——— So well qualify'd one would be apt to engage for your success.

L. Wife. I don't know whether I ought to resent that piquant *Sarcasm* in behalf of my self, or the fair sex.

Spri. You have given up your self by an ingenuous confession; and I think you may as well drop a vindication you will receive no thanks for. ——— Ever since the ladies have thought it ill-bred to be accountable to morality for their conduct, sense has been banished as an impertinent spy; and every lover so indow'd disqualify'd.

L. Wife. Invective! mere invective!

Spri. 'Tis a rational determination; for since beauty owes most of her accomplishments to art, the pedantic sawciness of judgment would be apt to examine too far, and destroy that implicit faith which she exacts from all her devotees; and since fools are best qualify'd for idolaters, no wonder they find the best reception.

L. Wife. You are a choice advocate for the ladies truly.

Spri. I am so ——— and have prov'd them good reasoners for declaring against reason. ——— What less could vindicate *Liberia*'s fondness for the *French* count?

L. Wife. There I confess you have stung me. ——— Prithce inform me, is he really a man of quality?

Spri.

Spri. You have his own word for it——which I very much question. Give 'em their due,——the gentlemen of *France*, with all their gayety and vivacity, are generally men of good sense, and well-bred: but this taudry animal has all the foppery and vanity of the nation, without one jot of their politeness.

L. Wife. And yet——

Spri. And yet his levity is of more weight than your solidity. If I mistake not, my lady *Ambrose* encourages her daughter, and espouses the count's cause.

L. Wife. I don't much wonder at my lady, who has given up her honour to an insatiable appetite of gaming.

Spri. And I fear will give up even her favourite daughters to support it.

L. Wife. Shocking consideration!——I dare not pursue it.——Let us turn the discourse.——Have you seen *Cleora* to day?

Spri. She has not yet appear'd.

L. Wife. And you have not had tenderness enough to make her a visit, tho' she left the company last night in so much disorder.

Spri. I have always found, disorders of the mind are best cur'd by solitude. If she's disgusted at my dancing with *Honoria*, 'twas her own fault——I offer'd my self to her first; and good manners alone would have justifi'd her compliance.

L. Wife. But love——

Spri. But love as you would say, destroys good manners;——that's the complaint I have against *Cleora*.

L. Wife. You know too well she loves you to madness.

Spri. I'm convinc'd of it,——for she's grown so rude to me, she'll not give me a civil answer to a common question. However to shew you I have charity enough to forgive that, I am going to take pains to cure her.

L. Wife. By what means?

Spri. By humouring her foible, and applauding her humour.

L. Wife. Methinks, that should rather strengthen its obstinacy.

The BATH unmask'd.

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Spri. Strange! that a man, so intimately acquainted with the constitutions of antient *Greece* and *Rome*, should know nothing of the temper of a modern beauty. — Since her perverseness is fed by my love, I design it shall starve by my indifference; and then by degrees I shall rather tease her into a sense of her folly, and make her rationally renounce it; or at least she must grow good natur'd to be perverse. — Here comes *Pander*. Now, my lord, I'll divert you with a touch of the times.

SCENE II. To them *Pander*.

Spri. Thou art come very luckily, *Pander*, to help us waste some idle minutes. My lord, you know, is newly arriv'd, and therefore some account of the company would not be unpleasant. Prithce how stand affairs? come, let's have a little scandal,

Pan. Much after the old sort, — People always come to the bath with the same happy disposition for idleness and pleasure. Men of large fortunes come to spend 'em; those of small ones expect some lucky cast of chance to raise 'em: the wise and witty are content to play the fool, and fools pass for wits: politicians turn gamesters, and gamesters top the politique upon 'em: intrigues of the council-board are turn'd into intrigues of the chamber: lords and pick-pockets consort very amicably together, and a profound states-man shall sit as well diverted at a puppet-show, or a match of whistling, as if he was projecting a scheme to cheat the nation, and buy himself a title.

Spri. But your chief concern is among the ladies.

Pan. As for ladies — we have of all degrees, as their several interests draw 'em hither, — Those of the first rank —

Spri. Who have too much honour to keep an honourable vow —

Pan. That's your own comment, — I say, who understand the use of nature better than to be confin'd to conjugal constancy, improve their talents by private intercourse: coquettes enlarge their conquests: prudes indulge

indulge in a corner, and are demure in publick (tho' thanks to spreading libertinism, that class decreases daily :) profess'd ladies of pleasure find cullies in abundance: your old cheating citizen (who after he has rais'd a great estate, thinks of raising a family by marrying a young wife) is mightily pleas'd to find the waters fruitful; which curious girls use for experiment, young widows for their wonted solace, and old ones for refreshment.

Spri. I find you have a plentiful harvest. — But methinks your scheme of making lewdness fashionable, is not very politic; for if once people arrive at the assurance of speaking and acting freely, they will grow provident and save procuring money.

Pan. But while the world is stock'd with amorous coxcombs, matrimony will have its votaries; and consequently lewdness, for peace sake, must be sometimes content to regale in a corner. — 'Tis but raising a double tax of hush-money.

L.Wife. You are as frank in your declarations, as if your designs were honourable.

Pan. I find, my lord, you are one of those squeamish gentlemen who have not courage enough to come into the new system. Pray, what do you get by this nice rigid honour of yours, but to be fool'd by the men, and laugh'd at by the ladies.

Spri. Right! — instruct my lord a little: — he does not want sense, if he would but let it loose.

Pan. Now to shew you, my lord, how mistaken you are in your notions of honour. — What is he who plunders a nation, and gets himself celebrated for a patriot?

Spri. Or who contracts a friendship with you, to borrow your money, and debauch your wife?

Pan. Or who gives you his oath for the performance of an engagement he never intends to keep?

Spri. Your man of strict honour by all means!

L.Wife. I see now you are got upon the satyrical irony.

Pan. No, I protest I am a literal casuist. — 'Tis natural, therefore honourable.

Spri. Ay, ay——my, lord, your maxims of honour and vertue are no more than current phrases set up by one generation of wits, which the next may alter at discretion.

Pan. Mr. *Sprightly*, you have a good pretty method of thinking; but I know for all that you are a laugher.

L. Wife. You have convinc'd me of one thing, which I never could have believ'd, if I had not seen——that a man can make a publick profession of so much villany with an even countenance.

Pan. You may be as free of your censure as you please, my lord, I shall only laugh at you for your narrow soul.

——To shew you I am not angry, I will give you a little advice.——By last nights interview I apprehend you are one of those romantick lovers who have leisure enough to sigh out an honourable passion——as you are pleas'd to call it.

Spri. Ay, let him know the ill conveniencies that attend such a drudgery.

Pan. I can tell him one will freeze his passion in an instant. Constancy is a crying sin against the law of nature, because it tends to monopoly, which robs others of that property which each has an equal right to.

L. Wife. This is a villainous scandal, and I'll not believe it.

Pan. With all my heart.——But I can assure you, among ladies of fire and vivacity, the art of making love is acting it.

L. Wife. Thou art a choice wicked counsellor!

Spri. We must allow him to be the best judge of some bodies constitutions; for I believe there hardly passes a day but he feels their pulses.——I fancy, *Pander*, there is not a pulse about *sir Captious Whiffle's* daughter but you have examin'd, and know as well the circulation of her veins, as of her blood. You don't use to bestow so loose an application on any single person.

Pan. I love to divert my self indeed with that shallow oxcomb of a knight, who fancies all wisdom consists in turning common conversation into a dispute, and is

so well satisfy'd with a syllogism, that if you prove him a fool by mood and figure, he'll acquiesce.

Spr. Would he be persuaded, think you, by mood and figure, to give you his daughter with a handsome fortune?

Pan. Do you imagine I would turn monopolist against a law of my own?

Spr. That's out of the question. You who never could be held by any law, divine or human, will hardly be confin'd by your own fetters.

Pan. Pho—you know me too well to suppose I would be shy of discovering any advances of this nature. The whole business is, sir *Captious* is ambitious of rescuing his daughter from ignorance and obscurity, in which she has hitherto liv'd, and employs me to cultivate and embellish her fit for an appearance of quality.

Spr. One would be apt to judge from her improvements you are teaching her the *doux yeux*, instead of the insolent *ferté*.

Pan. His subtle curiosity will make some improper discoveries, if I stay longer.—I have indulg'd you, gentlemen, beyond the limits of my time.—Another day I may tell you something worthy a laugh.

SCENE III. Lord Wiseman, and Sprightly.

Spr. This is *Liberia's* tutor; ——— I leave you to think how you ought to deal with the pupil.

L. Wise. I have sent to know, if she'll receive a visit from me, and am determin'd to form my future resolutions from her conduct.

(*A servant enters*)

Ser. Madam *Liberia* says, my lord, you may come when you please; but my lady *Dandle-whelp* has sent for her to see a lap-dog, just come from *London*, and she's in haste to go out.

L. Wise. You may go—(*Exit serv.*) monstrous complaisance! is it for this ingrate I sacrifice my life's repose, till I become a burden to my friends, and a torment to my self!

Spri. Well said! ——— a little more of it. ——— 'tis good as perspiration in a fever.

L. Wife. Unworthy!

Spri. Base!

L. Wife. Cruel!

Spri. Insolent!

L. Wife. Charming!

Spri. Hold, hold my lord! ——— quite out of key and time. ——— let me set you right again. ——— *Libertine!* ———

L. Wife. Spight of her beauty, I can't be blind to that.

Spri. Convince her of the recovery of your senses by neglect of your visit.

L. Wife. No, that looks too much like passionate resentment; therefore I will go to shew her I can reason in her conduct, and calmly argue my self into a generous abhorrence.

Spri. I wish you such success as is consistent with your honour, and the peace of one who deserves that love you lavish on a worthless object. In the mean time I'll

Cleora ——— and since perverseness rules the female mind,

I'll try what feign'd indifference will move,
And swell her anger till it burst with love.

(*Exeunt separately.*)

SCENE IV.

Lady Ambs. ace's Lodgings.

Honoria, Liberia.

Lib. Reputation! that's a pretty jest indeed! ———

I vow, sister, you have found out a very fine argument to enforce your silly advice. Reputation, as you call it, may be a proper restraint for an awkward citizen's wife, because the want of it may affect her husband's credit: but what has a woman of quality to do with it? ——— She has no credit to lose.

Hon. I fear so too, ——— if she proceeds upon that principle. ——— But then she must not hope to win esteem.

Lib.

TO *The BATH unmask'd.*

Lib. I suppose you mean among some of your senseless bigots, who want spirit and understanding to be well bred.

Hon. When once a woman flights the censure of the world, 'tis to be fear'd she has little guard to her actions.

Lib. Nor do I see occasion for any, unless it be to enter a genteel carriage, and give it an air of formality.

Hon. Could you bear to have the world think you immodest?

Lib. The world may think as they please; but a woman of quality, beauty and fortune has a power to stamp decency on any actions of hers.

SCENE V. *To them Lady Ambrose.*

L. Am. Liberia, you seem disturb'd. I suppose, *Honoraria*, you have said something to put her out of humour. Indeed you are grown so insolent since you have had the command of your fortune, and so intolerably censorious there's no living with you.

Lib. Censorious with a witness truly! — but 'tis natural to people of her homely complexion.

Hon. If that reflexion had proceeded from one less dear to me than you, sister, I should have thought there had been ill nature in it.

SCENE VI. *To them Pander.*

Pan. How now, ladies, in your grave airs? — Ye look as solemn as if ye were just come from confession and were enjoin'd to wear those countenances as a penance for your sins. — What — have ye been disputing about religion?

Lib. No, but something very near as distasteful. — My sister has been giving me a lecture of morality.

L. Am. Yes truly — *Honoraria* is very apt to hold forth.

Pan. Poor soul! the hags do so ride her by night, and the priests by day, that she's almost jockey'd out of her senses.

Lib.

The BATH unmask'd.

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Lib. Ha ha ha! ——— I thought I should have dy'd with a fit of the spleen just now, but I begin to revive——
Mr. Pander, you are the most diverting creature!——

Hon. Hewho can be diverting at the expence of things serious and sacred, is not like to have any great regard to his manners,——— so I can easily excuse my share.

Pan. Thy superstitious notions, *Honoria*, have distorted all thy features, and added an artificial ugliness to a visage, by nature none of the best.

Hon. Your impudence has had such an effect on your life and conversation, that it has rob'd your satyr of all its sting; so that your rudeness is as inoffensive as your civility is irksome. While you confine your self to the licence of speech, you are not capable of giving much disgust.

Pan. That's a glance I suppose upon what happen'd this morning.—— You must know before I came to your ladyship, I stept into *Honoria's* bed-chamber, and found her fast asleep. I only gave her a touch on the side, when she started up as froward as a child half crippled with the rickets, put on one of her terrible frowns, and vow'd if I did not march off she'd call up her footman to cudgel me down stairs.

L. Am. I'm asham'd of you, *Honoria*,——— you are lost to all sense of good-breeding.

Lib. Indeed sister I have often told you of your rustick airs, but I find you are incorrigible,——— I'm sure you are a wicked toad for waking me out of a pleasant dream. What between your tickling and my laughing, my sides are so sore I can scarce bear my stays on.——— I vow you was so comical, if you had not given off as you did, I had certainly roll'd out of bed.

L. Am. Well, the account of *Miss Half-Bred's* blushing at your putting on her stockings for her, was so very entertaining, that you made me spill a whole cup of chocolate in my bed——— you pleasant creature you.

Lib. I had just call'd my woman to smooth the bedcloaths, and was composing my self for another nap, when my mamma laugh'd out,——— I knew there must be some queer creature in the case, and had scarce pow'r to

Sip on my night-gown, before I ran in to partake the jest. — Awkward thing!

L. Am. Mr. Pander, a word with you, (*They whisper.*)
Hon. So! — where this discourse will end I can't tell; but 'tis grown already too fulsom for my ears, therefore I'll retire.

SCENE VII.

Lady Ambs-ace, Liberia, Pander.

Pan. The count catch'd at the proposal immediately, and has sign'd articles to pay the fourth part (5000 l.) upon the day of his marriage with *Liberia*. *Sharper* and *Hedge-bird* the attorney are witnesses.

L. Am. That's well. — I believe there will be no difficulty to bring it to consummation. — Let us take this opportunity to abuse lord *Wiseman*, and recommend the count. — Hath your sister left you; my dear well, that is a strange unbred creature, tho' she's my own child. Don't you think, Mr. *Pander*, there is a wide difference between her and my darling *Liberia*?

Pan. As wide as between the grave lord *Wiseman* and the gay *French* count.

L. Am. Now you name the count, I cannot help observing he is the best pattern for a fine gentleman that nation ever sent us. — I don't know how it is. — I would have my best *Liberia* be very cautious how she bestows her heart, — but methinks they two seem to be cut out for each other.

Pan. It looks to me as if nature had contriv'd their meeting, and resolv'd (since she had finish'd a master-piece of either sex) they should not be debas'd by an ill mixture.

Lib. You have a mighty pretty way of expressing yourself, Mr. *Pander*, I think you talk in the best stile of any man breathing.

Pan. Except lord *Wiseman*,

Lib. Nay, now I shall die with laughing — ha ha ha ridiculous! he talk well! — the confident creature think

thinks so indeed. But whenever he opens his mouth, I fancy he designs to preach me to sleep, and begin to yawn presently.

L. Am. } Ha ha ha!

Pan.

L. Am. *Liberia* has an infinite flow of wit. — Don't you think so, Mr. *Pander*? — What a pretty description is that of the address of a solemn sop.

Pan. I met him just now inveighing against the gallantry of the age with the gravity of a tub-preacher and the dulness of a modern wit.

L. Am. What a slovenly mien he has! — like a citizen turn'd gentleman.

Pan. And a formal transposition of features that looks like an anagram upon good humour. [*Servant enters.*]

Ser. The company are met, and refuse to throw a die till your ladyship comes.

L. Am. Get my chair to the door quickly.

Ser. (to *Lib.*) Lord *Wiseman*, madam, desires admittance.

Lib. Let him come up. — Now will I force a little variety out of him, if raillery will do it.

L. Am. Ha ha ha! it would be worth one's while to stay and hear it, but I am in haste.

Pan. I dare not venture, for fear of bringing a quarrel on my head, for I should laugh immoderately.

[*Exit leading my lady.*]

But in reality I have concerns of greater moment to employ me. I must go and prepare *Sharper* with his philosophical garb for my project upon *sir Captious*, and then to lecturing *miss*, who wants nothing but the starting hint to run off with me. [*Aside,*]

SCENE VIII. *Liberia.*

They are much in the right of it. — The dear count has charms for every sense, and I have try'd 'em all. But there is a pleasure in conquest by no means to be neglected, besides if I can discern right, it will be some revenge on my sister to use him ill.

SCENE IX. To her Lord Wiseman.

L. Wife. This is a favour unexpected, madam, to find you at home after the message you sent me.

Lib. I consulted your credit and my ease, my lord ;— and since it is necessary your passion should have a breathing bout once a day, I did not care you should expose your self on the walks.

L. Wife. I could have wish'd, madam, you had made a private reflection on last night, that your own credit and my ease might have been equally your care.

Lib. If your ease could but shift as well as my credit, they would do very well to be left to themselves.

L. Wife. Forbid it virtue, the one should contract as much of infamy, as the other of torment by such a neglect.

Lib. 'Tis in our power to heal both.——— Think you as little of the torment as I of the infamy, and we shall not suffer much.

L. Wife. I cannot believe you speak your real sentiments.

Lib. As you please for that.——— I would no more have a man believe against his inclination than I design to act against mine.

L. Wife. Is it your inclination then that prefers the extravagant foppery of the French Count ?

Lib. I was so wholly taken up by the count till you arriv'd, that I have not yet consider'd you in competition.——— And here he comes very luckily to give me an opportunity.——— Now, my lord, if you please to shew your self, I shall be better able to resolve your question.

SCENE X. To them the Count.

Cou. Ah ! mon deux ange ! je vous baise tres humblement les mains.——— La la la —— [Sings and dances.

Lib. Dear count, where have you been——— what have you been doing that I have not seen you since morning ?

Cou. Vere-me ave been——— and vat me ave been do ? madam, you ave embarrass'd me !——— me ave been

been so lost in de wood of your charm, dat me ave run up
and down, and do a hondre ting, and yet, begar, me can
no tell vere me ave been, nor vat me ave been do.

Lib. You are the very pink of gallantry !

Con. You be de orange-flower of beauty.

Lib. You are the star of wit !

Con. You be more dan de sun of perfection !——de
sun but ripen de concombre for de pickle,——but
your charm ave ripen'd de amour in my heart, and put
me in one ver fine pickle too.

Lib. } Ha ha ha !

[*They fool wantonly.*

Con. }
L. Wise. Egregious folly ! more amazing confidence !

Lib. Bless me ! if my lord had not gap'd and held up
his hands, he look'd so like a statue, I had forgot his being
here.——My lord is come for a trial of skill with you;
count,——which has the best genius for a gallant ?

Con. Madam, you shall see me vill enter de list against
all de men of quality in *England* for de honour of my na-
tion, and for de bien veillance of de lady.——My lord,
me beg your pardon, but you ave hear vat de lady ave
propose.——Vid vat sali de contest begin ? ——vid de
loux yeux——des ocellades——de compliment——de
posture——des amourettes——de jump——
de caper——de menuet ? me give you your choice.

L. Wise. I am not in a humour to be jested with,
sir——I have much ado to bear the lady's insults.

Con. (*Turning from him in disdain*)——See now
de surly clown *English* ! He no understand de difference
between de civility and de raillery. He be like his own
country bull-dog,——if you cajole him he vill snap at your
finger.——Dere is de good humour of de *French* educa-
tion ;——if me jump over de head of de man of qua-
lity, begar he vill laugh and jump over my head again.

(*Servant enter.*

Ser. Madam my lady *Dandle-whelp* is impatient to ad-
vise with you about a name for the lap-dog.

Lib. Send my service, and let her know I will not be
two minutes from her.——You and I, *Counts*, will

con-

two minutes from her. — You and I, count, will consult by the way to surprize her with some pretty French name. I see my lord you are out of humour, and I hate surly company. — Come, dear count let us fly.

(Takes hold of his arm.

Count. Upon de wing of love; — and me will pick our de feather to fan you ven you take your after-noon repos.

Lib. Well, I never heard any one talk like you, — You are a charming man!

Count. Serviteur my lord, — serviteur.

(Exit singing and dancing.

SCENE XI. Lord Wileman.

Indignation will give me utterance, tho' love oppose it with all his magick. — Is it possible man should be enslav'd by a set of features deform'd by thoughts so foul and impure? yet what but disappointed rage can discover that deformity? and what but love can give birth to that rage? Thus while we rave, we love. Why does not thy virtue, *Honoria*, wear *Liberia's* face? O love,

To wanton beauty feeble darts dispense,
Or warmer raptures to the voice of sense.

[Muses.

SCENE XII. To him Honoria.

Hon. Thus am I constrain'd by love to watch his interviews with my sister, to heal the anguish her neglect revives. — Hard task indeed! when by soothing his passions I reconcile him to his disease, and aggravate my own pains. (*Aside.*) I think, my lord, civility, as well as friendship, obliges me to interrupt your private thoughts in this place.

L. Wife. I am always pleas'd to exchange them, madam, for a conversation so much more agreeably diverting.

Hon. I'll vindicate your judgment, my lord, and put this compliment to the account of your good manners. — I have had no opportunity yet of asking your opinion of the count.

L. Wife.

L. Wife. For what I ought to think of him, I refer you to your own judicious observations on general behaviour.

Hon. I have heard, my lord, of two philosophers differently affected with the follies of mankind: the one always weeping, the other laughing at 'em. Let me propose a pleasant question to you;— which do you think upon a survey of the count, wou'd be inclin'd to change his note first?

L. Wife. The question is put with your usual good humour, *Honoria*,— I shou'd think the miserable metamorphosis of a man into a monkey wou'd be apt to make the laughter compose his countenance.

Hon. Wou'd not the comical transformation force a smile from the weeper, upon seeing that species so improv'd?

L. Wife. When wisemen play the fool, the correction of a laugh may shame them to more caution; but when a life is one continued scene of folly, 'tis past a jest.

Hon. Suppose we turn it thus;— the weakness of human wisdom deserves a tear, but incorrigible folly is a standing jest.— But what if we retire to the next room, and discuss this point more at large over the tea-table.

L. Wife. Dear *Honoria*! how entertaining is your good sense and humour! — I'll but send my servant away with a message, and wait on you.

S C E N E XIII. *Honoria.*

Dear *Honoria*! how emphatically had love address'd that to my sister. Blind *Liberia*, I pity thee! — tho' thou'd reflection correct thy wandering fancy — Wretched *Honoria*! — passion is yet my foe, tho' friendship has already won his soul: esteem may in time correct his passions too, and turn him from a vain pursuit. When friendship engraves the image of love, 'tis true the proceeds by slow degrees, But forms each feature with the deepest art, And carves a lasting image on the heart.

A C T II. S C E N E I.

Cleora's Lodgings.

Cleora.

W H A T strange perverseness rules my fate! while I pant for a blessing that courts me, I cannot help rejecting it with disdain, which I am sure to repent in tears. — I love him, because he's too generous to cringe, use him ill because he does not, tho' I should hate him if he did. I hope *Honoria* us'd no art to decoy him from me last night; if not, he sure will come, and fain wou'd I be able to send him away unseen, tho' I languish for the sight of him. — Well, nature will have her course. *Tippet* —

S C E N E II. To her *Tippet* enters.

Tip. Did your ladyship call?

Cle. Did you order the fellows to wait at the door, and if Mr. *Sprightly* came, to say I was not at home?

Tip. Yes madam.

Cle. And that I was very ill.

Tip. Your commands are obey'd. — But if I might presume to speak, madam, your orders seem so contradictory, that he will have the curiosity to come up and examine.

Cle. What then?

Tip. Nay, then I must own you will have an opportunity of confirming them with your own mouth.

Cle. Impertinent creature! I suppose you think you are allow'd by your office to be sawcy.

Tip. Your ladyship allows me when you are in your melancholy fits to say any thing that comes uppermost to

divert

divert you. But I vow I am sorry upon my own account you chuse to stay within to day above all days.

Cle. Why? how does that affect you?

Tip. Because I shall lose the dear satisfaction of following you at a distance, and picking up the passionate sayings of the fine gent as you pass by; — How beautiful she looks! how nicely she is dress'd!

Cle. Indeed, *Tippet*, you are a very silly girl; but I think thou hast some good nature that makes thy folly supportable.

Spri. (*At the door*) — Mrs. *Tippet*, where are you? where's your lady?

Tip. Gone abroad sir.

Spri. I know she is, — therefore I am come to visit her.

Tip. Upon my virginity, sir, she's very ill.

Spri. Nay, now I find thou hast some conscience by the choice of thy oath. — come, open the door.

Tip. What shall I do, madam? I told you he would not be satisfied.

Cle. Let him in, since he is so importunate. — I'll send him away my self.

Tip. And then to demolishing my labours.

(*Aside and opens the door.*)

SCENE III. *To them Sprightly enters.*

Spri. I'll give thee a kiss girl, for thy modesty. (*Kisses her.*) Some rash fools now would have pawn'd their souls on a lie, and so have been perjur'd.

Tip. I wish she had been abroad — he's in a rare humour.

(*Aside, and exits.*)

Cle. Such rudeness before my face is unsufferable.

Spri. I don't see why your ladyship shou'd not think me altogether as complaisant in saluting Mrs. *Tippet*, as monsieur *Shock*, unless you will own a nearer relation to his curship.

Cle. I am so used to your affronts, that I now value them as little as I do their author.

Spri. I heartily congratulate you, madam, on the harmony of your disposition.

Cle.

Cle. Not but at the same time they display the ill manners and ingratitude of the person who offers them.

Spri. Was it ill manners to cease an importunity which I found you had no inclination to comply with? — then as to ingratitude, did you ever ask a favour that I refus'd, tho' common decency oppos'd the grant?

Cle. Intolerably abusive! did I ever urge a thing beyond the bounds of decency?

Spri. Thus is my innocent meaning always misconstrued into an abuse. — Don't you think it indecent for a man of any character to play the fool in publick for the gratification of a lady's vanity?

Cle. Even that is better than when it is the result of his own; for good humour may excuse the coxcomb.

Spri. Doctors differ, I find — I can have more compassion for a fool of nature's making, than for one who shall outrage nature to make one of himself. But all this while you divert me from enquiring after your health. — I find by the temper of your mind your body is indisposed. — Pray, madam, let me feel your pulse.

(*He offers it, she strikes him a box o' the ear.*)
Hah! it beats pretty strong indeed, but somewhat irregular.

Cle. Your insolence forces me beyond all patience.

Spri. It needs no apology, madam: many a lover would have sigh'd a twelve-month for such a favour, and have bless'd the auspicious powers for directing that soft hand to convey a tingle from his ears to his heart. — How hath your ladyship slept lately? not very well, I fancy. — Your eyes seem to sparkle a little too much; rather upon the ardent than the brilliant. I don't doubt but you danced about your chamber last night, tho' you refus'd to join at *Harrison's*.

Cle. Can you be so egregiously vain, to imagine it was in your power to give me any disturbance?

Spri. No, madam, but I think 'tis in your own to dance what sort of jig, and where you please. But I wonder you should miss prayers twice to day; these circumstances used to warm your zeal.

Cle.

Cle. I see you design to provoke me, but I will at once convince you by the composure of my temper of my disregard for your person and my contempt of your malice.

Spr. You mistake the charitable intention of my visit; 'twas to condole you on your illness, and devote myself to your service.

Cle. There is but one thing in this world, by which you can oblige me, that is by removing from me the most offensive person in it.

Spr. Of all antipathies in nature, that between different sexes is the hardest to be accounted for; in other things, the aversion is mutual, but among us, it springs from love, and is fed by the sympathy of its opposite. A woman never hates to that violent degree, till she hath either lov'd her self into it, or is provok'd by the importunities of an indefatigable wretch, who pursues her in spite of her abhorrence.

Cle. I can assure you I am not of the number of the first.

Spr. Nor I of the last by all the charms of friendship, of which my departure at the word of command is a proof.

Belinda smil'd, I urg'd my moan,
She frown'd and scoff'd my pain;
She chang'd her humour, I my tone,
And soon grew calm again.

Madam, your servant!

(Exit singing.)

S C E N E IV. Cleora.

Most detested of all mankind be gone! — and can he be so barbarous to forsake me? — so calmly indifferent too? dear unkind! — wert thou sincere as I am, thy harsh resolves like mine wou'd melt to tenderness and love. — (Weeps.) — Ha! it must be so. — *Honoria* hath bewitch'd him from me. Her friendship for me and secret passions for lord *Wiseman* were mere artifice. — All the world is perjur'd and ungrateful! — no — I'll not appear on the walks to let 'em see I scorn

scorn 'em both.—— Not but I will go to shew 'em with how much ease I can overlook her friendship and his love.
(Exit in a fury.)

S C E N E V.

The Area before the Abbey.

L. Wiseman, Sprightly.

L. Wise. How canst thou use a lady with such a spiteful indifference, who loves thee to distraction?

Spri. For that very reason, because I do not like her mad fits.

L. Wise. And therefore you torture her to make her madder.

Spri. Foul humours like foul liquors are only to be purg'd off by fermentation.

L. Wise. What would not I give to find *Liberia* of the same disposition towards me!

Spri. Then would you be in a worse condition than you are; and it would be the ruin of you both; for your soft temper would aggravate her tyranny, and that your sufferings, till both wou'd run stark mad out of pure affection for each other.—— Here she comes with her counter-part.—— Observe 'em a little.

S C E N E VI.

To them enter the Count, leading in Liberia, giving themselves extravagant airs.

Cou. Ah, madam, when you make de entrée you shew de grand flutter to fill de compagnie vid de surprize. All de joint of your body in de violent motion; den ven you ave draw dere eyes upon you, you make de loud laugh, ha'ha ha! dat be de vit of the gens de qualité

Lib. I always admir'd the *French* breeding, because it takes of all those restraints the dull *English* lay themselves under. You shall have an *English* lady glide into an assembly

bly, as if she was afraid of waking the company, with an air as stiff as a wax-baby that is incapable of changing its posture.

Cou. Vid an eye dat turn down to play at bo-peep vid her toe.

Lib. And a countenance as bashful as if she had been discover'd in a stoln embrace.—— Ha ha ha!

Cou. Ha ha ha! de sote! de dupe!

Lib. Come now you shall offer to salute me, and I'll shew you the picture of *English* manners.

L. Wise. Astonishing confidence! in a publick place too!

Spri. Nay, let us have the scene out.

Cou. Now me will make de galant.

Lib. While I stand as immovable as a post.

Cou. Madam, dose charm like one foret do make de little hole in my hearr.—— Helas! Vous ne savez pas mon affliction.—— La la la. (*Sings and dances.*)

Lib. Indeed, sir, I don't understand you—— you are pleas'd to give your self strange airs. (*Coyly.*)

Cou. Ah! madam, if you no understand my words, me will sigh my passion to dose lip, and dey will tell you how much I die. (*Kisses her, and retreats dancing.*)

Lib. I am so confounded at your impudence, I don't know which way to look. (*Her fan before her face blushing.*) What do you mean, sir? I never was so affronted by any one who made the appearance of a gent in my life before. (*Walks about confus'd and fanning her self.*)

Cou. Madam,—— ha ha ha! you play de fool *English* vid such a pleasant grace, dat I can no speak for laugh—— Ha ha ha! now me will kiss you again, den you rave and cry out murder.

(*Offers to kiss her, Sprightly interposes.*)

Spri. No, hold! monsieur le Count, 'tis my turn now. I am not so much a stupid *Englishman*, but when I find a lady well dispos'd, I can club to her gratification.

(*Kisses her.*)

Lib. Fie upon, you Mr. *Sprightly* I vow you, startle me. (*Gives him a pat with her fan.*)

Spri.

Spri. I cannot say I am so expert at the caper; but the count shall do that for me.

Cou. Vid all my heart.---La la la---

Lib. My lord here too! I shall have a fine time of it among you, if the frolick is to go round.---But now I think of it, my lord hath too much reverence to rise above a lady's hand.---Come, my lord, down on your knees, and you shall be gratified your own way.

L. Wife. The time hath been, madam, when I shou'd have thought my self happy by the grant; but when I see favours of a higher price bestow'd with such a wanton profuseness, I begin to think it not worth acceptance.

Lib. My lord hath one of these squeamish stomachs, that he cannot digest a dish, if he sees any other dip in the sauce.

Cou. Dat be ver unpolite.---For me, ven I see another man dip his spoon in my potage, it recommend it to my gout.

Spri. Ay ay, 'tis a sign 'tis savoury.

(*Lord Wiseman seems to entertain Liberia*)

Cou. Monsieur *Sprightly*, you have de mine of one *French* cavalier, but I ave remark one ver gran fault in you.

Spri. Pray what is that?

Cou. I ave seen you stand still two tree minutes together vidout speak one vord.

Spri. That may be perhaps when I am thinking.

Cou. Ha ha ha! --- dat be de ver goog joke. --- See now de grand difference between de *English* and de *French* education! --- vid us de fine gent always speak without tink.

Spri. Perhaps I have nothing to say.

Cou. Dere again! --- de sullen *English* man! --- take my vord, if you will follow de *French* fashion to speak vidout tink, you vill never want someting to say---but for why you no do den? do you tink vid de foot as vell as de tongue? for why den do you stand still?

Spri. It must be confels'd, count, we are not so volatile as you; perhaps there may be something in our climate that inclines us more to the melancholick.

Con. Dere I can contradict you vid my own experience, for I defy your climate to rye my tongue or stop my heel.

Spri. You have one signal advantage over de english man, — you are not afraid of being laugh'd at for talking nonsense.

Con. No sense? ——— vat is de no sense? me never tink de gentleman talk no sense, but ven he no talk at all. ——— den for de laugh, dat be anoder english sottise. ——— For me, ven ever one do me de honour to laugh at me, me tink it ver great complaisance to laugh vid him.

Spri. By which means you keep up your good humour with every man you meet, and avoid quarrelling.

L. Wife. (To Lib.) are these the qualities that have charms superior to all my faithful services?

Lib. Prithee, dear count, let us fly to the walks. ——— My lord hath preach'd me into the vapours already.

Con. Me ave de excellent remedy for de vapour to cure my self, and me vill cure you too, madam.

Spri. I thought you had never been troubled with that distemper.

Con. Ven I am in company vid your men of quality, dey vill make me set down in one chair; ven me can no dance, me sing and laugh; ——— den dey say I spoil de conversation. — Le diable de conversation! — den me talk, talk, talk to please dem; ——— den dey cry — vor why you no hear me out, ——— you talk nothing to de purpose ——— Vat is de purpose of de talk but talk? vell den, to humour dem, me no say no do. ——— Immediately de vapour take hold of me, and vark, vark, vark all over me till me can no rest. — Den me go so — (Makes antick postures) den me jump from my seat, cut one two tree caper. Ven me ave pat de vapour dus in agitation, me laugh, me sing, me dance, and it all fly away. ——— dus, madam, me vill cure you upon de walk. ——— Gent adieu!

(Exit with Liberia singing and dancing.)

SCENE VII. Lord Wiseman, and Sprightly.

Spri. Well, my lord, what think you of your charmer now?

L. Wife.

L. Wife. The ballance is already so even between love and contempt, that I hardly know which preponderates.

Spri. And yet a smile thrown in on one side would outweigh a load of infamy. —Yonder goes *Honorio* with my unwilling obstinate to the walks; let us follow them, and I will shew you a little practice, which may have a stronger influence than all the advice I can offer. —

After all, in my opinion, we very wrongfully charge the unhappiness of our own tempers on love. Love is a free noble passion, which produces different effects according to the good or bad disposition of our minds.

By the same juice the generous earth consigns
To Hemlock poison, nectar to the vines.

S C E N E VIII.

Sir Captious Whiffle's Lodgings.

Sir Captious, Pander.

S. Cap. I don't understand, Mr *Pander*, this abrupt way of rushing into my daughter's chamber without giving notice.

Pan. Nay, *sir Cap.* you can't suspect me of any dishonourable designs.

S. Cap. I don't know that, *sir*, and I'll prove I don't know it. —Your designs are only known to your self, therefore I can't know them. —Let *sir Cap.* alone for a clincher.

Pan. I confess the argument is well laid, but thus I reply; —actions declare designs, and actions are known to every body, therefore they are known to you.

S. Cap. That's true, —and I must subscribe to it, unless I could prove my self nobody. — (*Aside.*

Pan. But all this while, *sir Cap.* you talk like a philosopher, not like a man of the world. —I must inform you 'tis the custom for your fine ladies to be visited in *Cuerpo* every morning.

S. Cap. What do you mean by that?

Pan.

Pan. That was at first a *Spanish* frolick of throwing aside the cloak, which by the improvement of *French* Gallantry came to signify stripping to the shift.

S. Cap. How, sir! I can by no means consent to that, — 'tis an offence to modesty, and that I'll prove. — The shift is, as it were, the skin of modesty, and modesty is always asham'd to shew her skin.

Pan. There your logic fails you. — The shift is rather the vail of modesty, and modesty loves to peep thro' her vail.

S. Cap. None of the philosophers ever asserted a proposition so absurd as that.

Pan. Your old friend *Zeno* stiffly maintains it; besides the reason and necessity of it is plain. The sight of a man when a lady is rising, calls forth her blushes to give a vermeille to her complexion: his officious handling heightens her assurance: these two joining their forces, finish that consummate degree of politeness call'd a modest assurance. The constant practice indeed of putting modesty thus to the stretch, is apt to fatigue her, that in a long run she neglects her blushes, and trusts to assurance altogether: in such cases 'tis my office to visit the ladies before they awake, and by pulling off the bed-cloaths frighten them into a blush; if that fails, I tickle them into a sweat.

S. Cap. I do remember indeed my wife (who was a nice-bred woman) us'd to tell me she had been so long us'd to the sight of me, that it had no effect on her complexion, and therefore when she had a mind to rise, would order me to send up the butler. — Poor woman! had she liv'd, *Dolly* would have had no occasion to come abroad for good breeding. — She would have made her as good as her self. — Here she comes.

SCENE IX. To them *Miss Whiffle*.

Miss Wh. I wonder you was not asham'd, *Mr. Pander*, to come bounce into my room when I was dressing. The very thought of it makes me blush still.

(Spreads her fan awkwardly before her face.)

C

Pan.

Pan. Observe, fir *Cap.* that was very well blush'd: there only wants a little assurance, which I shall improve.

S. Cap. Ay, well done *Dolly*. But don't be overmuch concern'd; Mr. *Pander*, and I have debated that point, and agree with the philosopher, that a woman may be seen undress'd to the advantage of her modesty.

Pan. Ay, and advance the reputation of it in the same manner as she doth that of her understanding, by inditing letters in *Harrison's* publick room.

S. Cap. Now you mention that, I have often wonder'd how they can be able to think what to write, when so many are talking round 'em.

Pan. The letter, you are to understand, is fram'd before they come there, and perhaps the morning spent to get it by heart; so that they have nothing to do but to engage three or four observators in a conversation with them, fall to scribbling as fast as they can guide the pen, and when they have fill'd half a sheet, drop it on a sudden, start up, and with a pretty indolent toss of the head complain of the vapours that hath so clouded their understandings as to make their invention tedious—I'll engage in three days miss shall be perfect in the whole ceremony.

S. Cap. That cannot be, Mr. *Pander*, for you know she cannot write yet.

Pan. No matter, that is the case with many a fine lady who makes choice of some pretty gent, in the same predicament with her self, to keep narrow inspectors at a distance, while she runs over the paper with a pen jappanned for the purpose, and seals up a carte blanche with as confident a grace, as a bright genius among 'em would an epistle of compliment stoln out of *Wit's* cabinet.

S. Cap. Ha ha ha! ——— well, I'll go and smook my pipe, and leave you to your lesson.

SCENE X. Pander, Miss Whiffle.

Pan. Have you practis'd those few graces of behaviour towards a lover as I taught you?

Miss. Yes, and I am sure I am perfect, for I have try'd them over morning, noon, and night, ——— nay, I have acted them over in my sleep.

Pan. Now for the lover you do not like.---Draw up your head with a stately pride, and give it a side-turn of scorn (*She affects an haughty air*) very well---madam, the secret passion that hath long smother'd in my breast hath made me anxious for an opportunity to disclose —

Miss. To me, fir, your saucy passion? what doth the insolent mean?

Pan. Right! when I survey your beauties, madam, I own it insolence to hope to ingross---

Miss. Stuff! stuff! ---prithee, tedious impertinent, cease your fulsom stuff, and don't pester me with your common place cant.

Pan. Admirably well!

Miss. Now for the lover one favours in one's heart.

Pan. Come, pull out your letter, and be reading it while I go to the door, and surprize you.

(*Goes to the door, enters abruptly.*)

Madam your most----

Miss. (*Affecting a surprise, starts*) blefs me! what means this impudence to enter my chamber without first knocking at the door!

Pan. I found it open, madam,---I wish I could find the passage as easy to your heart.---Now your air of affected coyness.

Miss. I assure you, fir, you will find the admittance there much more difficult than you imagine.

Pan. You seem uneasy, madam, and I should be sorry to find myself the occasion, who only live by your smiles.

Miss. How can one help looking grave, when you bolt in so on a sudden, that you frighten one out of one's wits?—I vow I cou'd beat you—I cou'd so.

Pan. Let me first kneel and kiss the rod, then bless the stroke.

(*Kneels and kisses her hand.*)

Miss. I protest you are grown so rude there is no enduring you.

(*Gives him a gentle pat and pushes him off.*)

Pan. The next sentence half smiling, half frowning.

Miss. I assure you, if you do not manage yourself with a little more discretion, I shall be oblig'd to keep you at a greater distance.

Pan. 'Tis impossible, madam! — I'll borrow wings of one of your *Cupids*, and fly into your arms.

(*She opens her arms to receive him.*)

Miss. I vow I won't bear it — so I won't. — Be gone this instant, or I'll banish you my sight for ever.

SCENE XI.

Sir Capti. enters with a pipe in his chops, while he is kissing her.

S. Cap. I am sure, Mr. Pander, there must be a fallacy in that argument — I have consider'd it, and — (*Starts and drops his pipe*) hey-day! is this the art of good breeding? I thought you had been a man of more honour than —

Pan. What is the matter, sir *Cap*? I am only teaching your daughter the art of delivering and receiving a secret.

Miss. Mr. Pander and I are only exchanging secrets, papa, that's all.

Pan. Nothing more. — You was only deceiv'd by the closeness of the whisper to an imagination of something else. — The elegance lies in the closeness.

S. Cap. Sir, I insist upon it that could be no whisper, for a whisper goes in at the ear: therefore, sir, the fallacy lies in the word whisper.

Pan. Pho, Sir *Cap.* the fashions are alter'd from what they were in your days, and reason good — for turning the ear looks like turning away from a secret. Whereas since people always run open mouth'd to deliver them, others

others shou'd stand open mouth'd to receive them,——
'Tis a common saying you know,——such a one swallows secrets,——how then can they be swallow'd unless they went in at the mouth.

S. Cap. Why, that's true——the ears cannot swallow.——Well, now *Dolly*, we'll take a turn in the walks.——*Mr. Pander*, you'll go with us.

Pan. I'll overtake you Sir C—as soon as *Sharper* is ready. *(Aside.)*

(To Miss) Remember the signal.——When I take a pinch of snuff, sneak down into the garden, and I'll soon follow you.

Miss. I'll keep my eyes on your hands all the while. *(Aside to him.)*

Pan. You'll be sure, miss, to remember the greatest charms of a fine lady are owing to affectation.——So that you are wholly to throw aside nature, and move and talk by those rules.

S. Cap. Come then *Dolly*, we'll walk on before.

Pan. Adieu, fair charmer!

(She makes an affected courtesy, and Exeunt.)
Incomparably well! ha ha ha!

Thus fools affecting to grow wise in fashion,
Turn apes to shew they can outdo creation.

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Grove, alias, The Walks.

Enter Cleora and Sprightly, as out of a raffing-shop, she frowning and looking from him, he humming a tune carelessly, then repeating verses regardless of her.

Sprightly,

Mistaken boy! thy artifice is in vain:
Men love for pleasure, cockscombs sigh for pain.

Cle.

Cle. Intolerably provoking!—tho' I call'd him out, I am resolv'd I will not speak first if I die for't.

Spri. Nay, frown no more! for if my love offends, I'll hate and quarrel with you to be friends.

Cle. Devil! I cou'd tear him to pieces!

Spri. See! how she stares! her fiery eye-balls roll!
Fly quick, and shun the tempest of her soul.

Cle. I must tell you, sir, you are the most unmannerly brute my eyes ever beheld.

(Goes up to him, he affects to start, and turns round,

Spri. I beg your pardon, madam. I suppose you left something behind, and went back for it. I have been impatient for your return. I long to know what commands of yours I am to be honour'd with.

Cle. I'll never speak to you more.

Spri. Why cruel charmer, why so coy?
Why so determin'd to destroy?

Cle. I suppose you design those paltry rhimes for wits but in my opinion it looks as if you knew not how to speak for yourself, but was forc'd to borrow sentiments to relieve your incapacity,

Spri. Methinks, madam, you shou'd like 'em the better, if you think 'em borrow'd, for you never cou'd be pleas'd with any you thought my own,

Cle. I confess the ill manners and folly of 'em have such an exact conformity with your taste and judgment that they may well pass for yours.

Spri. Judgment, you know, is fallible, and taste capricious, But I leave it with your ladyship to determine whether I have not approv'd the delicacy of their faculties by making choice of you for the object of my adoration,

(Bows obsequiously)

Cle. Odious affectation!—but since you find your vows will not be accepted, you had best offer them some other shrine, and create a fresh deity.

Spri. Well observ'd, madam. The different turn of transport can make or unmake a goddess in the loosening of a lady's twitcher, or the rumpling of her modest bit.

S C E N E

SCENE II. To them Honoria.

Hon. Mr. Sprightly, my lord waits for you to raffle.

Spri. Whose is the best chance, madam?

Hon. His.—Cleora and I are thrown out.

Cle. His refusing to submit confirms (Spri. goes and whispers Hon.) my suspicion, that he is perjur'd, and Honoria false. However, I am resolv'd for this time to put on an easy unconcern, tho' I burst. Nor but I'll take advantage of his absence to sting Honoria. (Aside.

Hon. (to Spry.) Poor creature! it grieves me to see her so tortur'd—but I consent to join with you, upon firm assurance that I shall give her pain to procure her ease.

Spri. Madam, your servant!——you'll soon know who is fortune's favourite.

SCENE III. Honoria, Cleora.

Hon. You'll forgive me, my dear, for being engag'd in a whisper before you.

Cle. By all means, madam. I am never disoblig'd at a whisper, tho' it may be to my own disadvantage. Malice never offends me but when it reaches my ears:—and even then a moment's reflection will relieve me.

Hon. Malice would seek an enemy, not a friend, if she had any ill natur'd observations to discover.

Cle. O! a friend to chuse——for treachery and malice always go hand in hand.

Hon. You are describing an enemy, my dear.

Cle. Don't mistake me, madam.—I am describing a person devoid of honour and generosity:——an enemy may have both.

Hon. You seem as eagerly concern'd, Cleora, as if it had been your own case.

Cle. And you as unconcern'd, madam, as if the practice of it had been familiar to you.

S C E N E IV. *To them Lord Wiseman, Sprightly,*

Lord. There were but two chances upon the dice that cou'd have top'd me, and fortune hath assisted him in the cast.

Hon. You are a lucky man, Mr. *Sprightly*.

Spri. Fortune hath befriended me indeed, madam,—and all but justice.

Since the superior powers wait the fair,
The men are wholly left to fortune's care.

Cle. I never heard of but one sett of people, whom she took into her immediate protection.

Spri. Ever since I commenc'd lover, I have been entred of that class, and consequently intitled to her favours.

Hon. That is not altogether so complaisant as a profess'd lover might have express'd himself.

Spri. Complaisance ought sometimes to give way to truth.

Hon. One would imagine you was pursuing a discourse to divert us from looking on your prize again—; you are not afraid we shou'd beg it of you, I hope.

Spri. I shou'd be sorry if you did, madam, because, I should lose the pleasure of a voluntary offer.

Cle. That was address'd to her——I wou'd not accept it now for the world. (*Aside*.)

Spri. 'Tis a very pretty fan truly! —— a pleasant metaphorical device (*aside*) and very a-propos.——The figures expressive, and the colours lively. Pray, madam, do me the favour to look at it a little closer.

L. Wife. I believe it will appear in the best light with your comment upon it. (*He displays the fan to Cle, who glances sideways at it.*)

Spri. Observe that principal figure in the middle, with one dart entering about the left pap, and another at his right ear. In his left hand, you see a heart which he is presenting to a scornful fair, who stands exactly in your posture, madam, (*To Cle, who turns round with a disdainful air*) kissing her monkey, with his fore paws about her neck; she embracing him with one hand, while the other is grasp'd

The BATH unmask'd.

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grasp'd by a beau on one knee, kissing the money behind.
Was the beau design'd to represent you or me, my lord?

Cle. I think the monkey hath the nearest resemblance of you.

Spri. In feature perhaps, but not in fate. Methinks, madam, you might be more favourable to me then for the amiable image I bear.

Cle. 'Tis hard to say, whether the fop or the monkey most prevails in you.

Spri. Better still——So happily compounded, I don't see how I can fail to charm.

(Affects foppish airs, she frowns and frets,

Hon. (to Lord) I fear he will make her quite mad.

L. Wife. I pity her for my soul.

Hon. What is that wing'd figure over the beau?

Spri. Vanity, the guardian goddess of the fair;—who usurp'd the province of love, and dispatch'd that arrow to the left pap. Our hero looks with a countenance of concern, as if he was divided in his mind, and turns his head upon that agreeable lady on the other side, who with a graceful modesty extends one hand to receive the slighted gift, and in the other shews a heart for exchange,

Hon. Too affected to pass unregarding.

(Aside, pretending to be seiz'd with a cough.

Spri. Observe that, my lord. *(Apart to Lord.*

L. Wife. Generous *Honor*! it hath alarm'd me.

Spri. Vertue displeas'd by her majestic mien, with one hand holds a starry crown over her head, and with the other beckons our hero, That upper figure with a bow in his hand in form of an angel mounted on a eagle, must be good sense, that let fly that arrow at his right ear. Now——for a speech, ladies, to recommend my fan.

Cle. I scorn it. *(flings away.*

Spri. Hah! I did not offer it to you, madam,——but your prompt refusal hath reliev'd my eloquence.——You madam, have friendship enough to weigh the intention of the donor, and accept it with less ceremony.

(To Hon. who accepts it.

Cle. I can bear no more!——perjur'd monster.

(Stamps, cries, and runs off.

S C E N E

S C E N E V. Lord Wiseman, Sprightly, Honoria

Hon. Poor *Clora*! I wou'd give a thousand fans to see thee thyself again.

L. Wise. Well, *Sprightly*, thou art an indefatigable teazer, and I can easily guess what share of love you have who can go thro' it with such a compos'd temper.

Spri. Do you think a physician devoid of tenderness when he gives his patient torture, by endeavouring to root out a desperate disease.

Hon. I begin to think you ill-natur'd; and my self so to for conniving at it.

S C E N E VI. Count and Liberia enter to them

Spri. Now, my lord, 'tis your turn, face about.

Lib. Ha ha ha! the sun-burnt Esq; in his greatness! and his poor blushing awkwardness, with her petticoats plaistered round her!

Count. Ha ha ha! but de two savage did fly before us like de chagrin at the *French* caper.

Lib. And look'd as sheepish as a grave lord in an amorous fit, or modesty at a masquerade.

Count. Ah! madam, you ave every charm dat make de pit-a-pat in my heart, you ave de best-bred audace me did ever see.

Lib. Indeed, *Count*, your wit and humour become you extravagantly. *(Lolls wantonly on him)*

Hon. I cannot bear that offensive sight! tho' love might triumph in her disgrace, yet sisterly affection wou'd lament it *(Aside.)* I had almost forgot, gentlemen the post is just going out, and I must write a letter.—Your servant. *(Exit hastily in confusion)*

Lib. Prithee, dear *Count*, let us retire to my lodgings,—I am a little fatigu'd, and have a mind to repose myself.

Count. Dat vill be ver good for me too, for I ave spent my spirit in too much laugh.——Begar, me vill take dis occasion to make de push for de marriage, and if m

can put my touch upon de 20000 l. me vill play my lady
one tour for her share (*Aside*). Allons madam.

SCENE VII. Lord Wiseman, Sprightly.

L. Wife. I am so amaz'd at her shameless conduct, I
know not what to say.

Spri. Did you observe *Honoria's* tender concern, and
with what confusion she took her leave to avoid the sight!

L. Wife. Charming goodness! I saw it,——saw it
with the utmost pleasure, tho' with the most painful sym-
pathy. (*After a pause*)——beauty, what art thou?

Spri. The parent of a numerous issue!——pride, ill
manners, licentiousness, with a most comprehensive *Et-
cetera*!——I see, my lord, you are brim full, let us
take a turn in *Harrison's* gardens, where we shall have
more privacy to reflect on each others circumstances;
and I'll warrant we find resolution enough to combat
woman in all her extravagances.

Have at thee, blind boy!
Since thy mirth's to destroy,
Or affect the fantastic buffoon:
Wit hath weapons as keen
As thy darts or thy spleen,
And shall match thee with freak and lampoon.

SCENE VIII. Sir. CAP. Whiffle, Miss Whiffle.

S. Cap. You should learn to reason, *Dolly*, as well as to
be genteel.——The one you should learn of your fa-
ther, the other of Mr. *Pander*.——Though he is very
capable of teaching both.——I have try'd him by mood
and figure.

Miss. Mode and figure!——pray, papa, is not that
dressing and dancing?

S. Cap. No, no child;——though that's a pretty
good thought.——Thou hast the right whiffle-head
I find.——No, no,——by mood and figure, is *per
Modum & Figuram*;——that is to say, *Quasi*, by fi-
gure

gure and mood.—These are deep things, and I don't expect you should understand them all at once.

SCENE IX. *To them enter at a distance Pander, Sharper in the habit of an old philosopher.*

Pan. Is the coach ready at the north gate to carry us off?

Sha. Nothing is wanting but the nymph.

Pan. Yonder they are.—As soon as I have joined them come forward. *(advances)*

S. Cap. You must know, *Dolly*, every argument is a jest, and every jest an argument,—that is, a wise man will raise an argument from a jest, or turn an argument into a jest.

Pan. *sir, Cap.* Well met;—pretty miss, your most devoted—*(She makes an affected courtesy)* inimitably well!—I see *sir, Cap.* Miss inherits your parts by her readiness to learn.

S. Cap. I was teaching my *Dolly* the art of reasoning. Mr. *Pander*, let you and I dispute for her instruction,

Pan. Ha!—the most lucky adventure that could befall us.—There comes the greatest philosopher of the age. He hath travell'd the world over in search of wisdom, and out of pure devotion to the antient sages conforms to their habit.—I'll recommend you to him. Signor mio colendissimo il signor peripatetico, fo no tutto suo. *(salutes Sharper)*

Sha. O che allegrezza!—Il signor mio carissimo pandero a vossignoria bacio con ogni riverenza le mara.

Pan. I thought, *Signor*, when we saw you last, you had resolv'd upon a voyage to *Italy*;—pray what extraordinary occasion brought you back to the *Bath*?

Sha. The fame of a noble philosopher, call'd *sir Cap. Whiffle*. Do you know that renowned gentleman! I am come on purpose to dispute with him. *(Pander takes snuff, Miss smiles on him and goes out.)*

Pan. This *sir*, is the very man.—*S. Cap.* pray know the great *Signor Peripatetico*,

Sha.

Sha. *S. Cap.* *Whiffle*, I kiss your hands.

S. Cap. *Signor Peripatetico*, I kiss your beard in token of affection.

Sha. Mr. *Pander*, you have impos'd upon me.—This can never be fir. *Cap. Whiffle*.

Pan. I assure you, *Signor*, 'tis the very same.

S. Cap. Sir, I promise you I am my very self, and can be no body else, and that I'll prove,—because there is no body like me.

Sha. Very good! very good indeed! this favours of wisdom.—But still, fir, I say you are not your self, and that I'll make appear.—It you have robb'd another self to make up your self, then that, which you call your self, is 't'other self—and consequently not your self.

S. Cap. I profess a most ingenious man! but I do not apprehend how I cou'd steal a part of my self from any body else.

Sha. I have seen a venerable bust at *Rome*, which they say was taken from *Pythagoras*, but is the very image of *Cap. Whiffle*.

S. Cap. Do you hear that, *Dolly*!—ha!—where's *Dolly*?—Mr. *Pander*, what is become of *Dolly*?

Pan. Just step'd into that shop to buy a pair of gloves, —I'll go and fetch her.

SCENE X. *S. Cap.* *Whiffle*, Sharper.

Sha. *S. Cap.* The sight of you hath clear'd up a search which hath long puzzl'd me.—I have trac'd the soul of our great forefather (*Pythagoras*) thro' all the greatest men who have flourish'd in the several ages since his time. —The conundrums, the shatter-pates, the thick-skulls, the windmil-heads, the vertigo's, the whim-flirts, and innumerable other sages; —and had brought him down to about fifty years of this time, and then quite lost him.

S. Cap. That is about my age, fir.

Sha. I plainly see it, fir. —All hail thou great *Pythagoras*! 'tis worthy of thee to take so noble a lodging

ing as *S. Cap. Whistle*.——May the *Whistles* flourish from generation to generation to do honour to thy soul.

S. Cap. How can this be, signor?

Sha. O! *S. Cap.* you are as like him as ever you can stare. If you was to appear at *Rome*, they would swear you was the very man.

S. Cap. There must be a fallacy in this.——(Where can *Dolly* and *Mr. Pander* be?) (*Aside.*) I say, signor, there is a fallacy in it, and I will find it out.——How can I be that man, when I am this man?——'tis impossible: for this and that cannot be the same.

Sha. 'Tis only your great modesty makes your reason thus.——If that is swallow'd up in this, it is no longer that but this,——or this and that.——Pray, worthy *S. Cap*——, clear up one difficulty for me.

S. Cap. Sir, I can stay no longer; for I am under a difficulty myself.——Where can *Dolly* and *Mr. Pander* be? (*Walks to and fro*)

Sha. Indeed, sir, I must deny that.——When a man is under a difficulty, he is at a stand; now you are not at a stand; therefore you can be under no difficulty.

S. Cap. That's very clever,——but thus I reply if a man——but, sir, I must find my daughter.

Sha. Nay, sir, 'tis the most unfair thing that ever philosopher was guilty of, to begin an argument and not to go thro' with it. (*hold him*)

S. Cap. Pray, sir, let me go, or I shall run quite mad.

Sha. Ay, indeed I fear so too.——Poor *Pythagoras* what a hard struggle hast thou with dear sir *Cap*.

S. Cap. If you hold me a moment longer I'll cry out murder.

Sha. Ha ha ha! ——he knows not which way to go to. (*Struggles and gets loose, Exit.*) well, mine must be the nearest cut to the north-gate.

SCENE XI. *The Street.*

Pander, Miss Whiffle.

Miss. Indeed, Mr. *Pander*, I must stand still and take breath,—I am all over in a muck sweat.—Do but feel how my shift sticks to my back.

Pan. Not half so close as I will stick to thee, my prett-charmer.

Miss. What need you talk so; ——— I'm sure you'll grow weary of one.

Pan. 'Tis impossible.—You have charms enough to recal the most fickle wanderer.

Miss. Fie upon you.—How you delight to jeer us.

Pan. But, dear miss, let us lose no more time.

Miss. But will you always love me?

Pan. For ever—— for ever!

Miss. Till death us do part.

Pan. Talk not of parting till we come together——
is ominous.

SCENE XII.

Sir Captious enters to them.

Pan. Sir *Captious*—— as I live,——then all is ruined indeed! I must patch up this business as well as I can.

(Aside.)——Come, miss, I am sadly concern'd to think how uneasy your father will be. Sir *Cap.* I am glad we have found you; your daughter could meet with no gloves of her size in the first shop, and so was forc'd to fit her self in the terras, and by that time we return'd you was gone.

S. *Cap.* For ought I know, Mr. *Pander*, you had a design to carry off my daughter.

Miss. As I hope to be kiss'd, papa, Mr. *Pander* had no more design than I had.

S. *Cap.* How!— as you hope to be kiss'd—you impudent young slut! — who taught you to say that?

Miss.

Miss. Mr. Pander told me I must not say — as I hope to be sav'd — for all the fine gentlemen and ladies would laugh at me for using a word that has no meaning in it.

Pan. 'Tis very true, Sir C. the ladies love explication that convey some idea. — Such as I hope to be kiss'd — hope to be married — I hope to be — But to our present purpose. As to the design you would charge me with, I'll convince you by reason, it could not be.

Sir C. Sir, I'll hear no reason, nor I'll talk no reason. When I have a mind to be in a passion, passion shall be my reason. And so huffy, come home, and I will take care the next time you get out, you shall fly out of the window.

SCENE XIII. Pander.

What a noble opportunity has here been lost! — Well, I'll never despair. It would be hard if I (who have liv'd by my wits all my life-time) cannot be too cunning for that quibbling coxcomb.

Wit doth resemble a high mett'd steed,
That from a stumble startles to a speed.

SCENE XIV.

Lady Ambs-ace's Lodgings, Count, Liberia, he kneeling at her feet.

Lib. Dear Count, how can you talk of dying, I would you put me into such a melting fit — I am quite dissolved. Rise, I beseech you, rise, or I shall drop down myself.

Count. Ah! madam, it be me dat do melt, and my head do drip, drip, drip, like —

Lib. — Madam Burns moaking at a full assembly the dog-days. Ha ha ha!

Count. Ha ha ha! spight of my modesty you provoke me to kiss dose lip that rally so fine. *(Kisses her)*

Lib. Pish — I wonder at you, Count. — But indeed you are so sweetly pressing I cannot but admire your gallantry.

Con. Helas! in vain me ave fly from all de beauties of France if me must dye for my modesty.

(Count gazes and sighs.)

Lib. That would be the way to cut your self out of all compassion from our sex—but pray let me understand your meaning.

Con. Dere be deting dat bring the scandal upon de gens d' esprit dat my modesty will not let me speak.

Lib. Shall I point it out to you?

Con. Oui, madam, —vid all my heart. (She points horns with her fingers.) Begar you ave de quick apprehension. Me love you so much madam dat me ave de great desire to cuckold my self.

Lib. That I confess is a stretch of wit out of my depth.

Con. Now den me shew you de turn of de vit. — Me ave been wed to you already en qualité of de galant—now if me shall wed you en qualité of husband, begar me fall put de horn upon de galant, and so me fall cuckold my self.

Lib. Ha ha ha! how could such a pleasant whim enter into your head? well, I vow and swear you are prodigiously comical. But I am sure you cannot be serious about it.

(Lolling on him.)

Con. Dere is de best jest of all,— me be so ver serious dat me can no stop from laughing. Ha ha ha!

Lib. Nay, now you are enough to make one look grave indeed, ha ha ha!

S C E N E XV. To them Pander enters.

Pan. I wish you joy, good folks, of your pleasant gravity— It becomes you both to a nicety.

Con. Monsieur Pander, you ave de ver good judgment.— It is de belle humeur of de French always to laugh when dey be serious.

Lib. And for my part I do not think any thing so fit for ridicule as grave serious subjects.

Pan. Rightly judg'd!—but pray let me partake the jest.—What was this grave subject that made you so very merry? or shall I guess at it?—come on then—you

two have been making gallant love till in the fall of a sigh ye began to yawn upon matrimony. (*Count and Liberia looking languishingly at each other, sigh, yawn, then burst out a laughing.*) I knew where all your gayity would end.—Nor could I judge otherwise from two so exquisitely fram'd to give each other mutual satisfaction.

Lib. Mr. Pander, you are a subtle creature!

Pan. I know you are both such refined spirits ye can laugh each other out of a serious meaning, and baffle the strongest inclination: therefore let me be moderator between ye, and ye shall see in what a concise manner I will settle the point in debate.—You *Count* have a mind to marry, and you madam; are not averse to it.

Cou. Eh! le diable—you no speak my thought at all.—Me ave de grand degout to de ting.—But de charm of dis lady ave so bewicht my heart dat——la la la.

(*Stares at her, then dances*)

Lib. (*Looks solemn.*)——I wonder you could mention such a filthy thing as marriage—fough—you know it's my aversion, and I abominate it of all things——ha ha ha! (*After a pause laughs and runs to Count*) Dear *Count*, did you ever hear such a scandalous wretch as Mr. Pander is grown?

Pan. Well then without more hesitation go ye before to the gardener's house near *Harrison's* walks, and I will follow with all necessary tools towards finishing the job.

Lib. You surprise me so, I fear I shall resume an awkward fit I threw off with my leading-strings, and fall to blushing.

(*Spreads her fan before her face*)

Cou. Ah! madam, you pierce my heart.—Laissez lalaissez, je vous le demande par grace.—Begar de blush heat and burn in my cheek too, but vill not come out.—If me no light it at your cheek to make it flame out, it vill scorch de marrow of my bone.

(*Kisses her*)

Lib. } Ha ha ha!

Cou. }

Lib. But are you really in earnest, Mr. Pander? would you persuade me to marry the dear *Count*? Ha ha ha! My vow I cannot contain.—Nay, if you don't make great haste, I shall be out of all patience.

Pan. Don't you loiter here any longer then. It wou'd not be amiss, for you to go separate ways to cut off observation.——But I must speak with her ladyship.——Is she within?

Lib. She hath not returned since she first went out.

Pan. Then I know where to find her.

Lib. Well, if it must be so— *(They draw off at a little distance, and look languishing at each other.)*

Con. If de fate command—

Lib. De- *(sighs)* ar——!

Con. Char- *(sighs)* mante! *(They pause and gaze.)*

Lib. } Ha ha ha! *(From a sudden start run off laughing separate ways.)*

Con. }

SCENE XVI. Pander.

So! Fortune hath thrown this jobb in my way to make some amends for her jilting me lately; not but I trust she will be propitious, while I set my self and engines at work to recover that disappointment— I wonder they don't employ me in state-affairs.— I think no man of a private capacity hath recommended himself better: tho' I don't see why I should be ambitious, since this little kingdom (or rather epitome of the whole, which I call mine) is able to furnish my occasions. Nay, here I think I top statesmen.

They rob at large to keep the nation under,
And pay to me the tribute of their plunder.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Gaming Room.

Lady Amb's-ace rising from the table in a fury, while several Sharpers divide her money.

First Sharper.

I Profess we would not refuse your ladyship a few pieces but cash runs low at this time,— and this is such

an iron age that a gentleman has a villainous time of it to live upon credit, your ladyship cannot want money.— Whenever you are prepar'd we will give you your revenge. *(Ex. Sharpers.)*

La. Get you gone for insatiable blood-hounds! quite stript! yet here are my deities *(takes up the dice)* though I have no sacrifice to offer them. Fame and fortune ye have had already; my hourly prayers ye have, tho' ye requite me ill. Yet such is the power of your charms that rather than want offerings for you, I'll keep a set of bravo's in pay, who shall cut throats and rob altars to adorn your shrine.

S C E N E II. *To her Pander.*

La. O! *Pander*, why did not you come sooner, that you might have found some tricking shift to divert ill luck.—— I'm quite stript.

Pan. Then the repetition will be but a revival of sorrow; look forward, and think of means to recruit. Invention grows lazy when the pockets are full, but sure an empty purse might sharpen her wits.

La. As you say, the once ador'd patron of dice did not use to fail his worshippers on these occasions.—— But I believe now he hath struck invention dumb, out of pure resentment for our denying his being and authority.

Pan. Pho, pho! that's down right whim! what occasion have we to invoke supernatural assistance, when we have the remedy within ourselves. Besides if there is no internal power to assist, there is no celestial to controul.

La. Prithee don't be so severe in thy reprimand; but impute this idle thought to my present chagrin.— How go affairs?

Pan. As all worldly affairs do. Some rubs and difficulties in the way, which give vigour to a man of spirit.—— *Mr Cap.* hath lock'd up his daughter and forbidden me his house.—— But you know I have keys to most apartments in town.—— You are still a favourite with *Mr Cap.* go visit and detain him, while I carry off *Miss*.
If

If he should happen to be alarmed, *Sharper* stands ready to divert his pursuit.

La. Now I see the necessity of fixing our thoughts on this world.

Pan. I have good news to tell you.— We are within a quarter of an hour of 5,000*l.* from your son-in-law, the *Count*. — I am just come from seeking you at your lodgings, where I found him and *Liberia* amorously debating the point of marriage. I help'd 'em to a quick understanding, and am to meet 'em presently in *Harrison's* walks, and have lodg'd a parson in a gardener's house hard by for the purpose.

La. Excellent *Pander*! — my better genius! my life! my soul! fear no counter-plots— proceed boldly and finish the triumph in my arms.

Pan. But I am mistaken in my politicks if the triumph doth not end somewhere else, and you don't help to adorn it. *(aside.)* *(Exeunt separately.)*

SCENE III. *Harrison's gardens.*

Lord Wiseman, Mr. Sprightly.

L. Wife. At this rate you would treat a lover like a madman, or an idiot, who are not capable of resolving for themselves.

Spr. Suppose I was to examine your past actions by a comparison with either, don't you think I might find out some small resemblance.

L. Wife. I must own there hath been so near a likeness, that I beg you'd spare the representation. But now, sir, you have so fully convinc'd me, that I have not one tender sentiment that respects *Liberia*.

Spr. Say you so? yonder she luckily comes! now I will put this fortitude to a tryal *(aside.)* Excuse me, my lord, while I speak with a gentleman in the long room; I'll be with you by that time you have taken a turn or two.

L. Wife. You'll find me not far from this place.

(Exit.)

SCENE IV.

Mr. Sprightly goes to meet Liberia.

Spri. Unattended madam? and at a time when people of sound minds are flocking together to contrive the evening's diversions.

Lib. I have the same prospect in view, I assure you, and shall very soon be pair'd.

Spri. I did not suspect you was going to listen to the murmurs of the waters, for you look as gay as a bride.

Lib. That was pleasantly thrown in. Little does he think I am within an ace of being one (*Aside.*) How comes it to pass Mr. *Sprightly*, you are not coupled yet?

Spri. I have just left my lord by the river-side, in a very contemplative mood.

Lib. And do you expect to find him again, without swimming down the current after him?

Spri. I never saw such a surprizing alteration in any man in my life. There is he canvassing his own state with so much deliberation, that I begin to think all his pretensions to you were meer grimace.

Lib. Why so?

Spri. Wou'd one believe it possible, a man should think contemptibly of so much beauty in so short a time!

Lib. What do you mean by contemptibly?

Spri. Instead of cursing the fatal power of your charms, he's cursing himself for a blind fool for ever thinking you handsome.

Lib. Though I care not a pin for his love, his insolence provokes me. (*Aside.*)

Spri. For my part I began to think he degraded you too much, when he would not grant what general consent allows you.

Lib. I wish he wou'd but leave me, I'd try if I could not melt this mighty hero. I hate him so, I'd give a little finger to make him love me again. (*Aside.*)

Spri. I dare say she's resolv'd as I wou'd have her.— Her first step will convince me, for she was going a different

ferent way (*Aside.*) I'll not detain you any longer, madam; but I could not avoid letting you know you are never like to be troubl'd with my lord's importunities more. Madam, your most humble—I'll retreat to observe. (*Aside.*) (*Retreats to the scene and listens.*)

Lib. A! I could wish.—Now will I make him such advances I never made him yet, and, if I can bring him to a recantation of his stubbornness, rally him to death.

(*Exit.*)

Spr. As I could wish too—and it shall scape me hard but I'll frustrate your design. True woman!

Who seeks in others torments her delight,

Who hates for pleasure, and who loves for spite.

Here comes my lord—now to my concealment till the crisis calls me out.

(*Retreats within hearing.*)

S C E N E V.

To him enters Lord Wiseman, his head declining, his arms across.

L. Wife. 'Tis true what *Sprightly* says.—We assume an air of thinking, but reason hath no share in the debate.—all our resolutions are the result of passion; which shift their extremes as they are differently transported by smiles or frowns. What could I propose in the enjoyment of *Liberia*, was she consenting? nothing but a wife, whose irregular conduct would make my life one continued torment. What might I not propose of peace and joy with *Honoria*, whose prudent behaviour would every moment do honour to my love! why then I'll tear this viper from my breast, and the soft dove shall possess the place.

Spr. Fairly stated, and wisely resolv'd! thus far all goes well on our side.

(*Aside.*)

S C E N E VI. To them *Liberia*.

Lib. Now will I put on as grave a look as his, and brush by him as if I was wholly lost in thought, and did not

not know any one was near me. (*Walks by L. Wife. Starts and screams*) Oh! my lord, is it you? indeed I ask your pardon, but I was so wholly unprepar'd for any rencounter by being sunk in a deep meditation, that I fear the odness of my surprize hath made me appear unman-nerly.

L. Wife. I don't know how great your surprize may be, madam; but if it rises in proportion to mine, it must fix you in amazement.

Lib. Why so, my lord?

L. Wife. To apologize for an accident, and be deliberately insulting, is sufficient matter for astonishment.

Lib. I did not think, my lord, you had been so ill-natur'd to pass by a present submission, and repeat my past faults.

L. Wife. To looth with no other view than to exercise fresh tyranny deserves a name beyond barbarity. But I beseech, you madam, whither tends this argument?

Lib. A person less discerning than you, my lord, might see modesty straining her bounds to obtain forgiveness.

Spri. Plaguy squeamish all of a sudden! though her modesty runs as wild and wanton as a colt in a common.

L. Wife. And one less penetrating than you, madam, might perceive I have recover'd a freedom of thought which will not let me be deceiv'd again.

Lib. The time hath been, my lord, when I should not have beg'd in vain.

L. Wife. The time hath been, madam, when your power was uncontrollable, and perhaps the single tyranny of your capricious humour had still prevail'd, had not your fondness (to say no more) for a despicable fop forced me to break the chain.

Lib. Can a little youthful gayety displace me for ever from your esteem?

[*looks tenderly.*]

L. Wife. I have been too long acquainted with that affected softness in your looks, not to make my guard sure against that powerful foe.

Spri. If we can stick to that, I defy all her battery.

Lib.

Lib. Ha? not to be conquer'd? this vexes me to the heart. Assist me now dear hypocrisy (*Aside.*) Could I believe, my lord, your heart utters this, I could forego all restraints of decorum, and chide you into love.

L. Wife. Since I have no charm that can engage your constancy, why should you envy me a peace of mind, labour'd with the last strugglings of a fainting reason?

Spri. That tender *why* looks as if we were near the last strugglings of a fainting resolution.

Lib. Doth he begin to expostulate? dear, dear hypocrisy! now then pursue and triumph (*Aside.*) Was the peace of my own mind to be obtained at any other rate, I would not sue where so many injuries oppose my reconciliation.—But now I consider you are at ease, I'll ask no more—but bear my own torments as a la-*(sighs)*-sting penance for my crimes;—but when I reflect (as I often must) whom I have lost: —how tender! —how sincere! what tears will suffice to wash away——

(*Weeps.*)

L. Wife. Is it possible! dear angel! I beg — implore — ha! whither am I running? poor, wretched reason—feeble resolution! I know 'tis feign'd, dissembled all!

Spri. That was a flash of courage when I did not expect it.

Lib. How! so resolute! this is a vexation I shall not be able to out-live! I have but one method left then. (*Aside.*) My lord, I don't expect my sighs or tears should move you, I am glad to see your happiness confirm'd, tho' I have lost mine; I have only this to beg, if you ever bestow a thought on worthless, lost *Liberia*, mix some humanity with it, and—oh—

(*Faints into his arms.*)

L. Wife. Help! help!—she faints! —she dies! oh monstrous cruelty, what hath my hardness of heart done? help! help!

Sprightly advances hastily.

Spri. What means this doleful outcry?

L. Wife. Oh! *Spri.* I fear thou art come too late; I have murder'd one of the best, the dearest of her sex.

Spri. Did you do it with a penknife?

L. Wife.

L. Wife. Oh! no; with the darts of cruel suspicion:
See! last strugglings for life!

Spri. 'Tis a terrible fit truly! pray, my lord, let me hold her; you look as if you was going to faint your self. (*Takes her from him*) prettily acted indeed! now could I find in my heart to throw her into the river, but if she should drown herself out of perverseness, perhaps I might meet with a senseless jury might bring me in guilt of murder (*Aside.*) Try, my lord, if you have not strength enough to run for some water.——My lord, quick! quick! run back again and take her, or I must drop her; you know I have a mortal antipathy to a toad, and here's a great one crawling towards us.

Lib. Ah—— (*Screams and runs off.*)

S C E N E VII. *Lord Wiseman, Mr. Sprightly.*

Spri. Ha ha ha! her life is fled indeed, but has carried off the whole cargo of mortality with it.

L. Wife. Amazement!

Spri. I thought, my lord, you had been proof against all her enchantments.

L. Wife. I thought so too——but this I confess was a coup de maitre. However, it hath left her quite disarmed, and given me such a sedate abhorrence that I resent it with complacency. What a blind wretch am I thus long to prefer this reverse of her engaging sister!

Spri. The conviction is not too late, my lord; you have it in your power to shew the correction of your judgment by the sincerity of your address.

L. Wife. Despair arises to rebuke my unworthiness.

Spri. Cherish better thoughts. That woman hath a delicacy of mind above her sex, and had rather have the offerings of a rectified judgment, than the first overflowings of a frothy passion.

L. Wife. How shall I convince her of my sincerity?

Spri. That will not be difficult, since she is already convinced of your honour.

L. Wife. Will you go with me?

Spri. Your friendship gives you access, and will be a better advocate than I can be. Besides I believe here

a summons coming for me; if I mistake not, it is *Cleora's* woman running wild. Let her breathe herself a little, 'twill add a grace to her complaint.

(*Tippet runs cross the stage.*)

L. Wife. Nay, then I wou'd not take you away. —
Prithee, deal ingenuously, do you love *Cleora*?

Spri. Since you have pressed the question home, I will be ingenuous. Love in me is nothing more than a principle of generosity, I love because I am beloved.

L. Wife. At that rate you might love the whole sex.

Spri. So I should upon the same terms.

L. Wife. But you could not marry them all.

Spri. Nor any one of them without a farther motive.

L. Wife. But if you thus love all alike, what need you marry at all?

Spri. Because it may be convenient.

L. Wife. Nay, then interest is the motive to your love.

Spri. No, interest is the motive to matrimony, if you please, but virtue is the incentive to love; nor should interest prevail with me to marry without it.

L. Wife. Still every vertuous woman hath the same title to your affections.

Spri. to my esteem: but not to what you call my affections. There generosity, (the noblest passion in the humane soul) interposes in behalf of that woman, who shall trust her virtues, her all, in my keeping. Pray, my lord, let me ask you one question: if your wife grows licentious, what becomes of your fondness? will the face support it, when the mind is estranged?

L. Wife. No certainly.

Spri. Why then, my lord, by clearing up a vulgar error, we shall come to a right understanding. — He who marries for virtue, not for a face, is the man who marries for love. Hence arises (what is falsely called) indifference. Because a passion thus founded admits no extravagance; nor can a lady's caprice give pain.

L. Wife. I am afraid you'll never persuade them to approve your doctrine.

Spri.

Spri. I don't expect it ——— I would rob 'em at once of all their imaginary sovereignty ——— their charms would have no more power to set fire to a man's heart, than to a bundle of chips.

L. Wife. I see Mrs. *Tippet* hath found us out at last. Well, I'll leave you to your own humour, for I know in love affairs you'll suffer no other guide. Adieu!

S C E N E VIII.

Mr. Sprightly, Tippet running out of breath.

Tip. Oh! sir, I have ——— not breath ——— to tell you ——— but let ——— my poor ——— eyes speak. *(Weeps.)*

Spri. They do, child, as intelligibly as your tongue can, that you are acting the hypocrite. ——— Now am I well assured here is some trick going forward. *(Aside.)*

Tip. My lady, ——— oh! my dear lady! ——— she's dying sir!

Spri. Then give my service, and tell her I'll wait on her presently to receive her last will.

Tip. Alas, sir, she's dead. *(Roars out.)*

Spri. Nay, then, child, 'tis the undertaker's business, not mine, I am heartily sorry; but I don't care for such a melancholy sight.

Tip. The d ——— I's in him, he does not believe me. I am afraid he'll be too cunning for us *(Aside.)* Upon my word, sir, I don't think she can live an hour.

Spri. I don't see how she should, if she be dead already.

Tip. If you had but seen her, sir, when the fit seized her, 'twould have grieved a heart of stone. How she swell'd! how her eyes roll'd! and what strong convulsions shook every joint!

Spri. Upon second thoughts I'll humour this case. *(Aside.)* I see you have a mind to frighten me, Mrs. *Tippet*; ——— but these things are too serious to be jested with.

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Tip. No, sir, upon my word, sir, I vow and protest, and swear and weep——then with a faint voice she cried, *Tippet*, go tell Mr. *Sprightly*, I beg to see him, to ask his pardon before I die.

Spri. Did she say that? (*Takes out his handkerchief*) Did those dear lips utter a sound so soft? did she beg to see ungrateful me? I dare not see her! oh! no,——I cannot bear the kind reproaches of her dying eyes.

(*Seems to weep.*)

Tip. You must, indeed you must, sir! she cannot die without the sight of you.

(*Weeps.*)

Spri. Then let her live! yes, she shall live! while undeserving I shun those sweet looks I know not how to prize.

Tip. I beg you, sir.

Spri. No, no; you talk in vain.

Tip. For pity's sake.

Spri. No, it must not be!

Tip. I would kill her quite and me by sympathy.

Tip. Perhaps the sight of you may revive her.

Spri. Dost think so, *Tippet*? quick then! fly; and tell her I will come, if my spirits will support me——I charge her to live! and witness thou my repenting love.

Tip. Poor gentleman, he's deeply afflicted;—this will be rare news tho' beyond expectation.

(*Aside.*)

SCENE IX. *Sprightly.*

Spri. Ha ha ha! now will I outdo *Cleora* her own self; and convince her that nothing but generosity in me is worthy of regard. To confess the truth, I know this one fault she has, which makes her worthy the favour of a cure.

And since 'tis artifice alone must win her;
I'll match her, if the d——I be not in her.

SCENE

Tip.

SCENE X.

Sir Captious Whiffle's Lodgings.

Miss Whiffle lock'd up in her chamber, sitting by a table with a candle and plate of bread and butter on it.

Miss. I won't eat my supper, not I.---- I am resolv'd I'll starve myself to vex my papa---hey ho !----if I had not dreamt last night that I was to have been marry'd to-day, it would never have vex'd me (*cries*;) but what is worse than all, it runs so in my head that I shall never be able to go to sleep and dream again (*cries*.) What shall I do? (*sighs*) O! but now I think on't, I can look out of the window, and tho' my papa won't let Mr. Pander come up, he cannot hinder him from walking along the street: and if he shou'd pass by and see me, he may contrive some way to get me down, hi hi! ----and so my papa may think I'm lock'd up safe, hi hi! /----and so I may get a husband, hi hi! /---- while he thinks I am eating bread and butter, hi hi! well, I'll go and try. Come will you? oh! (*goes to lift up the sash*) oh! come up, come up, oh! do come up ---- (*as the first pause begins to cry, and raises her voice till she roars*) oh! 'tis nail'd down, and I'll lye down and die. Hark, (*a noise in the key-hole*) that's somebody open the door.

SCENE XI

Pander enters to her muffled in a cloak.

Miss. Oh! Mr. Pander! Mr. Pander! Mr. Pander! I know you, I know you for all your disguise.

Pan. Miss----Miss----hush for your life, or you are quite undone.

Miss. I can't! I can't! oh! Mr. Pander! Mr. Pander!

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Pan. I must stop her mouth in my own defence, or we shall be betray'd, I beg you, *Miss*, contain yourself.--- If your father should hear, I never should have another opportunity.

Miss. Well, I will.----- But won't you carry me away?

(*As he kisses her she mumbles half words.*)

Pan. I came on purpose, my little adorable.

Miss. O! Mr. *Pander*! Mr. *Pander*! Mr. *Pander*!
(*jumps.*)

Pan. I shall certainly have my throat cut, and you will be lock'd up for ever, if you cry out any more.--- Let me throw this cloak over you, and put on this hat and wig, that you may not be discover'd by your dress. Be sure you don't make the least noise (*Puts on a cloak, &c.*) as you go down stairs.

Miss. No, I will not so much as----- hi hi!

S C E N E XII. *Another apartment.*

Sir Capt. Whiffle, Lady Ambs. ace.

La. I am mighty glad, *sir Cap.* you have discovered what a villain *Pander* is.--- Who would have thought it? oh! 'tis a base world? but what have you done with *Miss*?

S. Cap. She's safe, I'll warrant her safe-----locked up in her chamber, and here is the key,----- It is impossible any body should come at her without my consent.
[*A servant enters.*]

Ser. Oh! *sir* we are all ruined! as I went up stairs just now, I saw my young mistress's door open: I looked in and no soul was there.

S. Cap. *Sirrah*! you lye, *sirrah*! and I'll prove you lye.

Ser. I know, *sir*, you can prove it a lye, but indeed 'tis truth.

S. Cap. Why, *sirrah*, do you pretend to dispute with me? have not I wisdom in my head and the key of the

door

door in my pocket? you may as well tell me the room walked down stairs after you.

La. Truly, *sir Cap.* so he may.——But I believe the poor fellow fancy'd so, and that was all.

S. Cap. Ay, and more than all too, and that I'll prove for fancy sees more than any man's eyes.——However for once, *sir*, I will convince you that you are a fool.——My lady, I beg pardon for a moment.

[*Exit with the servants*]

S C E N E XIII. *Lady Ambrose.*

La. I have no occasion to stop him, he'll meet one below can do that. Some people now would be apt to call my reputation in question upon this affair. What is reputation when it opposes our wills, but an embargo upon our liberty? and what is conscience when it runs counter to interest, but a clog upon an active mind? thus as *Pander* says.

Fools shou'd be taught to value reputation,
And conscience be encourag'd on occasion,
Our wits might starve for want of occupation.

Sir Cap. re-enters.

S. Cap. 'Tis too true, my lady, and as true I can't stay to take my leave of you——thieves! thieves! [*Exit*]

La. That may easily be dispensed with——now to my son-in-law, to put him in mind of the 5,000*l.* At this rate I shall be able to hold my seat at the gold table, which I would not exchange for a throne, unless the rules of gaming were to be my laws, and sharpeners my privy-counsellors.

S C E N E XIV. *The street.*

Sharper disguis'd like a quaker.

Sha. Here he comes, and I am prepar'd for him.

S. Cap.

S. Cap. Thieves, thieves. (*fir Cap. enters, Sharper lays hold on him.*)

Sha. Art thou that vain man of the world who callest thy self *Cap. Whistle* the philosopher? If thou art he, I bring the tidings of gladness and great comfort.

S. Cap. My name is *fir Cap. Whistle*, and I am a philosopher, but as for comfort, 'tis just run away from me; for I have lost my daughter.

Sha. Then hearken unto the words of my mouth, and I will inform thee wherby thou may'st find her again. — About the early time, which they call the break of day, as I was stretched along in my tabernacle (distant from this place, the space of twelve miles) and mine eyes sealed up with slumbers, a vision came unto me and *fir* me, saying — *Ebenezer* arise? I say unto thee, *Ebenezer* arise! put on thy vestments and take thy staff in thine hand, and go unto that sink of *Sodom*, and cage of unclean birds, called *Bath*, and there enquire for one *captious Whistle*, and when thou hast found him, prophesy in his ear.

S. Cap. What is all this to my daughter?

Sha. Harken with patience unto me friend, for it is given unto me to know thy distress, and to relieve thee therefrom. — But listen first unto the words which I shall utter unto thee concerning the past, by which I may gain thy belief for what is to come. *Cap. Whistle*, thou hast suffered thy self to be led astray by the words of idle philosophy, insomuch that while thou wert attending to the vanity thereof thou hadst well nigh been robbed of thy daughter.

S. Cap. You must be a prophet, or you could not have told this.

Sha. I perceive, friend, I am not sent unto thee in vain, now I have convinced thee of my prophetick spirit, I will declare thy directions in full. — *Cap. Whistle*, go unto the gate of the town, called the south gate, and when thou hast passed thereat, turn on the right hand, and when thou liftest up thine eyes, thou may'st behold the sign of a man bestriding an horse. Knock at the door, and to him that openeth unto thee, speak thus, saying. —

E

friend.

friend, my name is *Cap. Whistle*, and I would confabulate with the man of the house, and they will say unto thee, walk in: and when thou hast so done, seat thy self, and call for a cup of liquor and they will bring it unto thee. Then shalt thou take the cup in thine hand, and say unto the man of the house, friend, I look upon thee, and he will answer and say——friend, I perceive thou dost——and when thou hast so done the fourth time thou mayest say——friend, I am sore tired and would lie down upon thy bed; then will he lead thee into an upper room. When thou hast drawn thy curtains close around thee and composed thy self to peace, in about the fourth part of an hour, thou wilt hear thy daughter walk into the room. Arise and lay thine hands upon her and bring her unto me, for I will expect thy coming, that I may deliver my instructions unto her.

S. Cap. Friend, I thank you with all my heart, and when I return I'll endeavour to make you amends.

(Exit.

S C E N E XV. *Sharper.*

Sha. Haha ha! well, if we don't succeed now, I shall begin to think it time to turn honest and starve.—Tho' that is but a sorry prospect! but hang melancholy reflections.

If for should frown,
And keep industry down,
And intention and wit should deceive us;
When our projects all fail,
We'll carouze in a jail
And the gallows at last will relieve us

S C E N E XVI. *Cleora's lodgings.*

Cleora and Tipper.

Tip. At first he jeer'd me, madam, but I play'd my part so well that I gain'd credit at last. He was so altered on a sudden that I thought he would have dy'd in the place.

He's

He's mighty penitent, I dare say you may do what you please with him.

Cle. Then will I make him suffer some of that pain I have endured my self before I undeceive him.

Tip. Hark! madam, I hear a trampling; he's certainly come. To your proper posture. [*Cleo. sits in an easy hair in a dying posture, Tip. weeping over her.*]

SCENE XVII. To them enter Mr. Sprightly, attended by two footmen.

Tip. Pray don't make so much noise there, 'twill quite distract my lady.

Spr. (in a melancholy tone)

Discharge the chair—a (sighs) hearse may fetch me back. Support and lead me with a cautious speed. (Servants lead and support him.)

There at the feet of my much injur'd fair (Kneeling at her feet.)
I'll kneel to rise no more.

O cruel love!

Just, tho' severe, thy vengeance falls on me,
Ungrateful me! yet tho' my wasting breath
Suffice not to proclaim the bitter pangs
Of my repenting heart, spight of thy rage
Each dying feature shall display remorse.

Tip. Oh! sir, I fear you are too late! how happy had ye both been, had this been known an hour sooner!

Spr. Look up, *Cleora*! 'tis thy *Sprightly* calls!

There I had almost laugh'd out to hear the whimsical sound of my name in mournful heroicks. (Aside.)

Vouchsafe a flash from those expiring eyes:
Redeem me from the darts of love incens'd
To fall by thee, whose slighted charms would stamp
The marks of justice on my ghastly corps.

Cle. (in a gentle tone)

Hush! still your musick, ye refulgent shades!
Hark! 'tis the voice of my ador'd! stay! stay!
He calls me back! oh! give me to behold
The dear lov'd man! hark! now it sounds no more,
Silence but quickens horror! tune your harps,
And waft me on the wings of harmony.

Tip. Alas! she raves!

Spr. ——— With a little too much method ——— if she would but be mad now in earnest, there would be good humour in it, but methodical madness is down right nonsense. Now for my budget of fustian, and the devil's in't, if I don't out-rave her (*Aside.*) You understand your cue. (*whispers his servants.*)

Whizz! like a meteor darting thro' the air:

See there she whirls! ye dagoes of the deep!

Ye spout your seas of fire in vain. I will

Pursue her! quick! unchain me! let me go!

[Struggles and gets loose, and runs raving about, while

Cleora rises from her chair and looks at him.

I'll pluck the stars, and dash 'em in your chops.

——— Chops ——— I confess would have founded altogether as well in prose (*Aside.*)

Tip. Bless me, madam, what shall we do? he's certainly mad.

Cle. Dear man, I know not what to think of him. Why did you let him go? (*to the servants.*)

Ser. From being most feeble, madam, he grew on a sudden so strong, we could not hold him.

Tip. Fly, madam, and save yourself ——— he'll do us a mischief.

Cle. No, I'll rather die by his hands than leave him thus.

Ser. Where have ye hid her? tell me. Hah! who's here? *Atlas!*

I'll trip him up, and let the world fall down. [*trips up one*
Whirr, down it tumbles---crush! crack! blaze! *of the Ser.*

See! *Juno* sprawling on a nettle-bed!

She claws, she scolds! now, now the moon falls down.

And drops into her mouth! ha ha ha!

Jove topsy-turvy in a porridge-pot.

Fly, fly, ye tardy mortals! see o'erturn'd

The bowl of nectar streams a deluge! now

I sink, I drown! (*seems to faint, servants lead him to*
Cleora's chair.)

1 Serv. My master acts purely, *Tom*, I'll warrant he would make a special player.

2 Serv.

2 Ser. I wish I had it by heart, I wou'd certainly run mad, when that scornful jade, *Susan*, comes from milking, mistake her (for what d'ye call him) — *Atlas*, and trip up her heels. The milk streaming about her ears would agree rarely well with my drowning in a deluge.

1 Ser. Madam, my master's dead.

2 Ser. He grows stiff already.

Cle. Oh killing sound!

Recant it quickly! I shall be mad indeed!

Fly, call for help! cry murder in the streets!

Tip. Here, madam, try what the spirits may do; little did I think we should have had a real occasion for them — perhaps 'tis but a fainting fit.

1 Ser. I cant perceive him breathe. } Both roar out and

2 Ser. He has nomotion in him at all, } weep over him.

Cle. Oh! let me give my swelling sorrows vent!

Too late, alas! my glaring follies turn

With stern rebukes on my disdainful mind.

I doubly am a murderer! in him

I've kill'd my self! too worthless sacrifice!

For that too precious, too lamented life.

Tip. This comes from not knowing our own minds. Just so I serv'd poor *William*, but he ran away from me laughing like a shameless, inconstant varlet as he was.

(Weeps.)

Cle. How oft have I refus'd from those dear lips

A kiss, when frowning modesty reprov'd

The peevish stubbornness! Oh! could my lips

Inspire the breath of life! vain flattering hope!

Yet there I'll breathe my last. His hovering soul

Will sure accept of my attoning life,

Wait me dissolv'd, and greet me with a smile. (kisses him.)

1 Serv. I wonder how my master does to hold out; I am sure I have much ado to hold in.

Cle. Fancy is strong! methinks my fond embrace

Kindles a vital heat! his lips, alas!

Warm'd by my transports, give it back again.

Oh vanity! how oft hast thou been sooth'd

With fancy'd power to charm the dead to life,

Had it been so, my *Sprightly* would revive;

With

With mutual raptures meet my quivering soul,
Press my fond lips, and clasp me in his arms.

Spr. Behold the miracle compleat! [*Embraces her.*]

Cle. } Ah! { *Both scream, Tip. runs off frightened.*

Tip. }

1 *Ser.* Quick *Tom*! let's run and prevent *Mrs. Tippet's* returning to spoil sport.

2 *Ser.* And make a little of our own; for I am waggishly inclined. (*They run after Tip.*)

S C E N E XVIII. Sprightly, Cleora.

Cle. Ha! trick'd? abus'd? — unhand me monster / ravisher!

Spr. Nay madam, if you come to that, — 'twas you trick'd me into all these sweet kisses; — I had never had them else. — 'Tis but trick for trick, but if you repent, you shall never charge me with carrying off stolen goods. — Pray take them back again.

Cle. Let me go, or I'll raise the street.

Spr. If you do, I'll die again, and when they come to search, swear you murder'd me.

Cle. I hate, I loath, abhor you! let me go and never see me no more.

Spr. I know there is no talking her out of this fit, she must have time to cool. [*Aside, and lets her go.*]

Cle. Give me a sword or pistol, I'll murder him, and then my self. [*Exit raving.*]

S C E N E XIX.

Spr. Well — 'twas a dear loving rogue! she has awak'd a pleasure in me I did not think any woman capable of giving. — Perhaps when she comes to consider how far she has declar'd her self, she may abate of her perverseness. — I will leave her to reflection, and see how my lord and *Honoria* cotton together. — I protest I never was so finely kiss'd since I was born. — I shall do nothing but lick my lips for these two days, and perhaps starve my self, for fear of debauching the flavour by

The BATH unmask'd.

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by eating and drinking.—— It is allow'd, they say, in
the lover's bill of fare,

A smile will keep a meagre wretch alive ;
Then surely one close kiss will make him thrive.

S C E N E XX. *Cleora and Tippet return.*

Cle. Did you send after him ?

Tip. Yes madam.

Cle. [*Apart.*] Let me examine my self a little,——
why shou'd I be angry at a fraud, which I my self pro-
vok'd ? why should I regret the discovery of a noble
passion ? obstinate blindness, did he not know I lov'd
him ? could he suspect me so devoid of manners, to use
an indifferent person with so much scorn ? then let me
ask my self.—— How shall I account with honour, for
treating him ill, whom my soul is fond of ? my sex's
weakness hath deluded me to what demands my blushes,
more than those caresses, which modesty can't reprove
me for, under such imagin'd circumstances.—— [*A
servant enters and whispers Tippet.*] Yet will I let him see
I have a soul that dares confess a wrong, spight of the
senseless pride of my mistaken sex.

Tip. Madam, he went with a man who had business
with him towards the north gate, but gave orders to his
servant to call on him in a quarter of an hour at *Honorio's*
lodgings.

Cle. I have wrong'd *Honorio* too.—— For she, I know,
is too good to wrong me.——

Hence spring the fatal errors of our sex,
That woman ne'er converses with her soul.

While pride and beauty boast insulting sway,
Flatt'ry's the only orator can please:

Deceitful tyrants ! Ye no more seduce !

Reason dethrones ye ! Reason I'll adore,

And being less than woman, I'll be more.

A C T

A C T V. SCENE I.

*Honoria's Lodgings.**Lord Wiseman, Honoria.**Honoria.*

YOUR honour, my lord, is an ample security for the truth of your professions. How far they are grateful, I leave you to judge; for I abhor as much to belye my inclinations, as to betray 'em by an unguarded fondness. — Vertue wou'd resent the one, modesty the other.

L. Wise. These sentiments, madam, are worthy of a noble soul; but my circumstances seem to call for a more than ordinary vehemence, to clear me as well from the imputation of caprice, as the revenge of a slighted passion.

Hon. Our long friendship hath taught me, never to doubt your sincerity in any thing that is the result of your judgment.

L. Wise. I fear, madam, that must have lost much of your former esteem by the weakness it hath betray'd.

Hon. With all our care we cannot be so perfectly masters of our passions, but they will be sometimes too hard for us. — But I hope in this vindication of you, you will clear me from a vanity I seem to be running into, as if I thought my self the most worthy object.

L. Wise. You have given scope for encomium, madam, but I am too well acquainted with your natural modesty to indulge it.

SCENE

SCENE II. *To them Sprightly enters.*

Spri. How now, my lord!—with a countenance erect and regular set of features!—pray, madam, what can be the meaning of this? you don't seem bewilder'd at his rhetorick, amaz'd at his assurance, nor—my lord, you don't appear transfix'd by darts, bewitch'd by the magick of her eyes.—Why, here's no manner of enchantment, —All is calm and serene as if love and madness had no relation to each other.

L. Wife. I find, *Jack*, you will have your share of diversion out of every body.

Spri. I would have given something to have been present at the first interview, when my lord was preparing to break his mind.

Hon. I fancy you can form a tolerable idea of it. Pray how do you think it was?

Spri. I can shew you something like what it us'd to be. —His body formal, obsequious, trembling; — his voice humble, melting and entrecoupée with sighs.— Is this right, my lord?—Now then (my eyes half rais'd to shew my adoration check'd by a conscious unworthiness) I begin; madam— here I kneel and hem!—to recover breath.

Hon.

L. Wife.

} Ha ha ha!

Spri. Madam, hem! hem! — behold a repenting renegado at your feet—conscious of my long defiance of you—my lord, help me to a sounding epithet to match charms.— O! now I have it.— Of your corruscant charms I dare not hope forgiveness but only beg the thunder of that voice and lightning of those eyes may strike me to the center.

L. Wife. Ha ha ha! I confess the mimicry and burlesque, absurd as they seem, are very natural.

Spri. Now for you madam— my lord, do so much as kneel in my place, that the representation may appear more lively.

Hon. We can help our deficiencies by imagination.

Spri.

Spri. Well then—— with a voice gentle and affable; with a look smiling, modest and restoring, thus your ladyship;— how can you think, my lord, if I had such a power, I would exert it against a kneeling suppliant; who while he begs for death wishes for life, a grant most justly due to such humility. O could you but look into my thoughts— how tender— how forgiving— how—

Hon. Hold! hold I beseech you, sir! I shall have you pretend by and by to explain all the secret sentiments of my soul.

Spri. Ay madam, that I can.— And if I should happen to be at a loss for a word, 'tis but looking up and I may pick it out of your eyes.

Hon. Pray, whimsical sir, leave my eyes to speak the rest then: which may be done with at least a little more decent reserve than your voluble tongue may have regard to.

L. Wife. Since you are so good at making discoveries, pray sir will you be pleas'd to let us know with what success you have spent your time since I saw you last.—— I know you have not been idle.

Spri. I have dispatch'd more business than a secretary of state in the time of an insurrection.

L. Wife. Have you extorted any remarkable confessions?

Spri. Most surprizing ones, of several kinds.

Hon. How have you left my poor dear *Cleora*?

Spri. Your poor dear *Cleora* is—— mad—— and here she comes to vindicate my assertion.

SCENE III. To them *Cleora*.

Cle. My dear *Honoria*, can you forgive me?

Hon. You amaze me, my dear,—— I know not how you have offended me.

Cle. I could wish you had granted me a general indemnity and spar'd my confusion. But I am more ashamed to think you know it, than to confess I have wrong'd our friendship by believing you capable of wronging me.

Hon.

Hon. Let us interchange confessions as well as pardons, and let me tell you with what view I consented to deceive you.

Cle. Don't—I beg you don't.—Though you know my weakness, forbear to repeat it, that I may think you have forgot it.

Spri. I profess a noble girl! I did not think pride would have suffer'd so much generosity in a female soul.

Cle. Mr. *Sprightly*, I have consulted the decorum of my sex, and if I err in my resolutions upon it, there stands an excellent judge to whose correction I submit. I confess I have us'd you most unworthily.

Spri. Madam.

Cle. I desire you to hear me out.—As my childish perverseness hath made me appear contemptible to my self, I can judge how I must have appear'd in your eyes. That I have treated you in a manner unbecoming my own character, and below the quality of a gentleman, is what I ask your pardon for.

Spri. Madam, you have vanquish'd me quite, and made me, what I never heartily was, a convert to love. This surprizing condescension by which you rise higher than mere woman in all her pride of beauty, hath charm'd me to a veneration.

L. Wise. I am so sensibly touch'd with the glory of your conduct, madam, that I cannot acquit my self without asking pardon for my connivance at the imposition.

Cle. You are of the number of those, my lord, whose good opinion I always cover'd to deserve; and if I can regain it I shall recover a happiness I had justly forfeited.

Spri. Upon reflection, *Cleora*, I hate my self for giving you pain, and if it is possible to atone it, I can venture to vow an implicit obedience for the future.

Cle. As a tryal of it, I request you would resume your own natural, easy humour.

Spri. I think indeed these sublime reflections incline us a little too much to grave faces and set speeches—and since there is a perfect harmony between us four——

Cle. Nay, then, my dear, I must congratulate you.

Hon.

Hon. And I, my dear, with equal transport return it.

[*They salute.*]

Spri. To divert this high-flown rapture, I must inform you when I left *Cleora* last, I was let into the knowledge of some circumstances that will afford a great deal of diversion.—— But I must first let you know, madam, your sister is married. (*To Hon.*)

Hon. Married!

Spri. Don't be concern'd—by being much worse than you imagine it is better.—— Don't ask me to explain, for that would forestal the agreeable surprize. At *Harrison's* they are receiving the compliments of the company,——and as I have order'd it, that will be our scene of entertainment.—— Permit me, madam, to be your guide and guardian in this emergency. (*Offers his hand to Hon.*) Who's jealous first, my lord,—— you or *Cleora*!

L. Wife. To prevent the growth of it, we will follow you so close, that not a nod or a whisper shall escape our observation. (*offers his to Cleora.*)

Hon. (*to Spri.*) Who first repents giving the cause, you or I?

Cle. Which makes the first submission—Mr *Spright*, or I?

Spri. Which of you ladies tears the first fan?

Cle. Which of you, gentlemen, gives *Pug* the first salute to make his peace?

Spri. I am afraid there is going to be such a calm among us, that we must be forced to invent some mock quarrels, to keep our faculties in use and support gay humour.

Love understood, like wit explain'd, at best
Sooths the dull senses, but it mars the jest.

SCENE IV. *Harrison's Long-Room.*

Lady Ambs-ace, Count, Liberia.

La. Fie, my dear, how could you do such a rash thing, and not let me know it?

Lib.

Lib. How could one help it, mamma, if one's stars would run away with one? — indeed, *Count*, one would be apt to believe in the d——l, and imagine you dealt with him to get acquainted with one's stars so soon.

Con. Me ave found it much more good to get acquainted vid de constitution of de lady dan to make one astrologue of de diable. (*Aside.*)

La. I must own indeed the *Count* is a very fine gentleman. You remember 5000 l. is due. (*Aside to him.*)

Con. Oui, madam, vid 5000 tankee. — And dat shall be all your share. (*Aside.*)

La. This news will surprize all the world.

Lib. I am sure it can't surprize the world more than it did me. — The *Count* was so very pressing, I had not time to ask my self the question.

Con. It was not for you, madam, but for me to ask de question. — We did bot of us play our part avec address. — We shall shew my lady how it vas. — Me did put on de bonne grace and de bonne assurance, den me sigh; — den you make de doux yeux, — den me make de compliment, den you laugh, — den me sing, — den you dance, — den me cut de caper, — den you stand still vid your head upon one shoulder, — den you touch my heart, den me approach vid all de soft air and de tendresse.

Lib. I believe verily, *Count*, you bewitch'd me with that look.

Con. Ah! madam, who can resist de *French* gallantry? den me set up my shoulder to my right ear, vid my head a stoop vis-à-vis, den we cast des œillades; den you smile; den me creep, creep till me put my lip upon your lip; — den you step back and blush; — den me make one grand soupir, and throw my arm about your waste; — den you pish, — den I buss; — den you fie; — den I smack; — den you pish and fie; — den I smack, smack; — den you dye away in my arm. — Ah! de charmant de ravissant amour!

Lib. Indeed, *Count*, you shall always make love to me: for I do think you the most accomplish'd master of your art in the world.

La.

La. Indeed, my dear, I don't wonder at you since the *Count* hath so many engaging ways with him.—— But what will lord *Wiseman* say to this?

Con. Since he no understand de good-humour'd resentment of de *French*, me vill ave him resent like one *English* cavalier: ——to give de maledictions at heaven and earth: and ven he ave curse his star and himself for one, two, tree hours togeder, den fall upon his sword to let out de charm dat set fire to his heart.

Lib. Ha ha ha! and so set his blood afloat to cool his constitution.——Hark! I hear some chairs set down.——Here's more company coming.

Con. Now for de action of gallantry.——Me vill lead you one menuet, while bot of us sing——den ven dey have observe us we stop short, make de doux yeux at one anoder, break out into de pleasant laugh, and run réte baiffée to de embrace. (La la la——Dance, &c.

S C E N E V.

To them enter Sprightly leading Honoria, lord Wiseman leading Cleora.

Spri. Don't look solemn, *Honoria*——'tis ill manners to break in upon the privacies of lovers.——They bill as heartily as we did in the easy chair, *Cleora*, though with somewhat less ceremony.

Cle. With some difference in the transport too, if I mistake not. You must at least allow I made a speech to justify the *Decorum*.

Spri. Besides, if any body had surpriz'd us, we were mad enough to take off the scandal of indecency.

Hon. You must expect, *Cleora*, this will be a standing jest with him. (Count and Lib. affect a surprise, start from each other--look grave--then burst out a laughing.

Con. Gentlemen and ladies, me beg your pardon.——Me ave de secret to give my spouse.——Ah! vat me say? — see now de slip of de tongue. While me hide one secret me tell anoder.

Spri.

Spri. Don't be concern'd, *Count*, we know 'em both already: ——— one by common fame, t'other by the smack.

Hon. (To *Lib.*) I am sorry, sister, I want a true occasion of wishing you joy.

Lib. I cannot say, sister, your compliments would be any addition to my happiness.

L. (To *Hon.*) I suppose you want an occasion of being wish'd joy your self.

Hon. I should not think it compleat, madam, without your approbation.

Cle. I doubt, madam, 'tis a sort of impertinence to give you joy, when we are perswaded the occasion will not afford it.

Lib. As you say, madam, the compliment would be impertinent when the heart belies the tongue.

Spri. But what occasion had you two to steal each other, when if ye had claim'd upon an equality of merit, I don't know a soul upon earth was capable of disputing the title with either of you.

Lib. Don't you think, Mr. *Sprightly*, a friend of yours would have been inclin'd to forbid the banes.

L. Wife. I confess I should, madam, but without any desire of having them publish'd for myself.

L. Perhaps, gentlefolks, you may have your several reasons for it, but I find my daughter's happiness doth not sit very easy with you.

Spri. Perhaps if we had as weighty reasons as your ladyship, we should be better satisfy'd.

L. What can this ambiguous fellow mean? he can't have discover'd me sure. (Aside.)

Spri. Well but, *Count*, I suppose you design to give us an entertainment upon this occasion.

Con. Ah! monsieur *Sprightly*, me vill set my head to work to compose de diversion of gallantry, vid de ball and de masquerade, de punch, de tumbler, de harlequin, de rope-dancer, de buffoon ——— vid all de pretty shew dat can make laugh upon de gens d'esprit.

Spri. You are describing a *French* entertainment to us ——— nothing but farce and grimace.

Con.

Cou. Vat be de farce and grimace but de wit and good humour. Monsieur *Sprightly*, I am sorry you ave one gout so depravé! vat? you no love de great dragon dat discharge out de wit in one great abundance? ah! de favour of de wit vark up my nose into my brain.

Vat is all de pretty trick of de jump up and down, de posture, de fly in de air? — Ma-foi, it be de ver good wit, and me believe no wit but vat me can see.

Spri. I confess, Count, you have the best side of the question. — We do seem so much frenchify'd that we have almost lost our *English* taste. (*A noise without.*)

Offi. — Guard the doors there! no resistance chairmen, we have force as well as authority to oppose you.

Cou. Vat is de disturbance of de raskal de canaille dere! ver are my servants all? — don't be frighten'd ladies. Hey! keep de peace dere and break dere head.

S C E N E VI. Officer enters to them.

Offi. I ask your pardon, gentlemen, — I am eome in search of one monsieur *Fripon*, and had intelligence that he was here.

Spri. I suppose now you are satisfy'd to (*Count sneaks behind Spri.*) the contrray.

Offi. I can't tell, sir, — but here is an honest gentleman one Mr. *Cabbage* a taylor who knows him. — Pray Mr. *Cabbage* walk in.

Cab. I beg your pardon, gentlemen, — I don't see him here. (*Cabbage enters.*)

Spri. Prithee, Count, come forward. — What have we to do with the search after this fellow?

Cab. O! monsieur *Fripon*, I have made a double discovery to my own cost.

Spri. Have a care, Mr. *Cabbage*, what you say. — this is a french Count.

Cab. I know him, sir, to be as arrant a french rogue as ever dipt spoon in a platter of soup-meagre. — Upon his first coming to *England* he had forg'd a letter of credit from a brother of mine in *Paris*, wherein he represented himself a Count. I thought I knew my bro-

The BATH unmask'd.

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brother's hand, and never scrupled supplying him with money and cloaths, in expectation of large returns. He had no sooner got 500 l. in my debt, but I receiv'd a letter from my brother, requesting me to make diligent search after such a man, who had cheated him and others, to the value of 2000 l. and then ran away.

Lib. Undone——ruin'd! oh——

(Faints, they lead her to a chair.)

Hon. Oh! my sister.

Spri. But are you sure you are in the right, Mr. Cabbage? a blunder of this nature may cost you dear; for injur'd honour is full of resentment, and the Count will never forgive being disgrac'd on his wedding day.

Cab. His wedding day? you are pleas'd to be merry, sir.

Con. Monsieur Cabbage, me vill speak vid you.

(They whisper.)

La. Yet still they are married and I may have my money.——*(Aside)* oh! my unfortunate child.

Cle. See! she revives.

Lib. Oh! sister I dare not see you——my lord, pity and forgive the most wretched of woman-kind.

Hon. Dear sister, I share all your distress.

Ld. I beseech you, madam, moderate your sorrows. There is yet some remedy left, and you shall find in me a faithful friend.

Lib. Your goodness encreases my shame.——But I am lost for ever. Oh! madam, you have ruin'd me!

(To lady.)

La. Poor creature! alas! she raves and does not know her sorrowful mother.

Spri. I have a concern, my lady, for the honour of your family, don't dissemble any longer, for all is discover'd, make no reply, but let me conduct you to your chair, and depend on my care to heal these misfortunes with the utmost tenderness.

(Leads her out.)

Cab. Is this true?

Con. Dat faint vill tell you all.——Me vill buy your silence for 500 l.——*(Spri. re-enters)* begar, me no care one pou for vat you ave discover'd.——If me

lose my title of Monsieur le Count, me ave win de lady vid twenty thousand pounds, dat vill make one ver good gentleman of me.

Spri. Soft and fair!—are you sure this is the first time that gallant heart of your's hath been touch'd.

Con. Me no understand you.—You may make de jest and de raillery, but 20000 *l.* vill out-joke all de vit in your head.

Spri. I find (as you declar'd just now) you cannot apprehend a joke unless you see it.—Here, Tom, bring in the lady.

S C E N E VII.

[A servant enters with a ranting woman in a taudry, rat-ter'd Silk, &c.]

Con. Me vish vid all my heart dat joke had been in de bottom of the sea. *(Aside.)*

Wife. *(Running up to Spri.)* Truly, Mr. *Sprightly* (if that's your name) I think you might have treated a lady of my quality with more respect, and have come yourself for me.—And here to leave me at a poultry ale-house, and pass your word only for a pitiful crown—as if a lady of my figure cou'd dine within the compass of a crown.—You a gentleman—you a jack-pudding.

Spri. Ha ha ha! your ladyship is in your airs.

Ser. No wonder, sir, for she made the man of the house send out for a couple of capons and three quarts of sack, and swore she would fire the house if he refus'd.

Wife. A countess to be treated at this rate.—Tho' after all you are a good pretty young fellow.—I fancy you, and I must be better acquainted.

Spri. I doubt it will neither consist with your ladyship's reputation nor mine.

Wife. What? you are afraid of being scandaliz'd because I appear a little in deshabillie as we call it.—Prithce, child, don't be concern'd at that, for a lady of quality is known by her behaviour, *(Chucks him under the chin.)* and the politeness of her conversation. —

Where

The BATH unmask'd.

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Where is the pimp my husband? did not you say I should see him here.

Spr. He is within ken, if your ladyship will turn about.

Wife. Dog! rogue! scoundrel! what? run away from me and leave me neither money nor credit.

Dear ladies, I humbly beg your pardon — ha ha ha! I believe you are surpriz'd at my freedom.

But 'tis a sort of gallantry among people of my quality. — (*affecting genteel airs.*) Indeed, my dear Count, you have us'd me unkindly — what ready money have you about you?

(*Searches his pockets*) — how now, you dog, do you grumble. — I vow, child, you should take better care of your returns from abroad.

Who's here? honest Blood-hound. — What business hast thou here? (*to Officer*)

— our friend Mr. Cabbage too! nay, then we shall not want money.

(*She and Cabbage whisper.*) *Spr.* (*To Off.*) I find she knows you. — Pray what was this creature?

Off. A common street-walker, sir, who at the time of the south-sea set up for a great fortune. — She hath been often in my hands.

Spr. So then the cause is plain. *Mississippi Count* and south-sea lady bubbled each other.

Wife. How! a french sharper! and married to another lady with 20000 l.! he had not been found out tho' if it had not been for you, and I might have had the fleecing them both.

Dog! villain!

(*Beats Cabb. round the stage.*) *Ld.* (*To Ladies*) Don't fear, ladies, she shall not come near you.

Wife. (*To Count*) So! Hang-dog, you are a cheat then it seems.

Con. Begar, you be much more de great cheat; for you ave cheat me and yourself too.

Wife. However I shall have the pleasure of seeing you hang'd.

Con. It vill be two comfort to my soul; dat I shall get rid of you, and leave you to starve.

Cab. I find there is no hopes of my money. Bring along your prisoner, officer.——I will prosecute the rogue to the gallows to be reveng'd of his wife; that she may lie in jail for her own debts.

Spri. Bring in your masqueraders, officer.——Won't you take your leave of the company, *Count*, before you go?

Con. Morbleu! me vill go to prayer on purpose to curse you all.

Wife. Since the case is thus, I'll have all I can.——Strip, strip you dog; this coat will——

Off. Help to pay fees.——You know, madam, I never suffer my prisoner to be strip'd till he's safely lodg'd in my own house. (*Exeunt——she pulling at his cloaths, and boxing the Officer, who endeavours to hinder her.*)

S C E N E VIII. *Lord Wiseman, Sprightly, Honoria, Cleora, Liberia.*

Lib. Oh! Mr. *Sprightly*, accept the acknowledgments of a wretched——

Spri. I must beg leave to interrupt you, madam, and assure you I joy 'tis in my power to be your friend.——But here is a scene just coming on I wou'd not have you be present at under this confusion. Give me leave to commit you to the care of the house till 'tis over.——Madam, your sister will be well attended. (*To Honoria*)

(*Leads out Lib.*)

L. Wife. You see, madam, this shock hath given such a happy turn to her thoughts, that she may raise a new reputation from the applause of her conversion.

Hon. I hope it will be so remarkable that the world in pity will forgive her past blemishes.

Cle. I think, my dear, I ought rather to congratulate than condole you. (*Spri. re-enters.*)

Spri. Now prepare.——I heard sir *Cap.* roaring along the grove.

S C E N E

SCENE IX. *To them fir Cap. Whiffle running.*

S. Cap. I'll sputter, and storm, and rage, and rant, and roar, and dispute, refute, confute till philosophy is as empty as my brain.

Spri. Patience! patience fir *Cap*! — all is well yet.

S. Cap. All is not well, fir, — and I'll prove it, — for I am running mad.

Spri. Better still. — 'Tis a pregnant proof of your thriving understanding; — for fools, they say, never run mad.

L. Wife. This freak, fir *Cap.* may raise the credit of your wisdom, for thinking seems to be at the bottom of it.

Cle. I wish you joy, fir *Cap.* of the lucky omen.

Hon. Indeed I never knew you extravagant with so much reason in my life before.

S. Cap. Ladies, I have lost my *Dolly* and my senses by being a fool and a philosopher.

Spri. Truly I think the first character was enough for you to support, without grafting upon it. — But pray do you know this holy couple?

SCENE X. *Officer brings in Pander and Miss Whiffle, disguis'd like quakers.*

S. Cap. Not I; — but I am sure there must be a trick in it, because I have been cheated by such an one already. However, I'll pop an argument, come of it what will. — Now, friend, I'll prove thee in the dark, notwithstanding thy light within, because thou couldest not avoid stumbling upon mischief.

Pan. I cou'd much easier prove thee an ass, friend, notwithstanding thy philosophy within, — because thou cou'd'st never stumble upon common sense.

S. Cap. A smart fellow this.

Spri. Don't you know him yet, fir *Cap.*? look a little closer.

S. Cap. What? *Pander*! that rogue, — who taught my daughter the art of fine breeding, to run away

way from her father. Why then I'll warrant this piece of carnal impudence is my *Dolly*.

Miss. I don't know what you mean, papa, by impudence, I only learnt the new modest assurance.

Spr. You must be a little favourable to *Miss*, sir *Cap*, since her faults were of your provoking.

Miss. If you'll come to my chamber-window, I'll break it all to pieces, but I'll jump out, and marry you to spight my father. (*To Spr*.)

Spr. I thank you, *miss*, ——— but I am engag'd this evening. You see, sir *Cap*. I have preserv'd your daughter. ——— Take a friend's advice; carry her home, and endeavour to reduce her refin'd breeding to the bounds of modesty.

S. Cap. Mr. *Sprightly*, I confess I am oblig'd to you, and will follow your advice, and take coach to morrow morning.

Miss. Well, since I must go home, I am resolv'd I will not forget my new modest assurance, for I will practise it every day in the barn at hot-cockles. (*Aside*.)

Off. (*To Spr*.) ——— You forget me, sir, I am sure I never had a struggle between conscience and interest before, and therefore should not lose the reward of the novelty.

Spr. It was owing to this man, sir *Cap*. your daughter was saved. ——— As he was coming to town in pursuit of the *French Count*, he met a coach going out with those two friends and a parson (who it seems was that very sharper who palm'd the philosopher and the prophet upon you) and knowing *Pander* thro' his disguise suspected some trick, and brought them back again. They were treating for an escape with twenty guineas, when I (having private notice of their return) join'd them and promis'd a double reward for detaining 'em. Honestly, you know, shou'd not be lett naked, lest she fly to knavery for a covering.

S. Cap. Upon your recommendation I will pay the money; but pray, if *Pander* is to be hang'd, send me word, and I will take a journey, on purpose to settle his conscience, and prove him a rogue for the good of his soul. ———

Soul.——Come thou imp of modern grace, that is to say——thou child of impudence, I will sit up all night to watch thee. Gent. and ladies——your most humble servant.——

Omnes. We wish you and Miss a good journey.

SCENE XI. *Lord Wiseman, Sprightly, Honoria, Cleora, Pander and Officer.*

Spri. If I did not know thee, *Pander*, I should mistake that solemnity for a penitential air.

Hon. I shou'd as soon take his down-cast look for a sign of growing modesty.

Cle. Or his constant appearance at prayers for a mark of thriving grace.

L. Wise. If he was to be hang'd, I fancy his mind wou'd take a different turn concerning the soul's materiality.

Spri. But if he shou'd happen to think of a d——I at that time, 'twou'd spoil his countenance, and give an ill grace to his dying speech.

Pan. Well, gentlefolks, I may find an opportunity of being reveng'd, at least I shall not sleep the worse for it, and so, sir, you may go about your business. (*to Off.*)

(*Exit.*)

SCENE XII. *Lord Wiseman, Sprightly, Honoria, Cleora.*

Spri. Now, methinks, we seem to be at a stand.——We have been breaking and preventing marriages; what if we shou'd make some, to shew we have no spleen against the happy state.——I fancy none of us are averse.

Cle. Very presuming on our inclinations.——

Spri. Here! *Tom*——quick!——bring in the easy chair, and whip out your handkerchief.——I am just going to faint.

Hon. Ha, ha, ha! indeed, my dear, your triumph as a mistress is quite at an end.

L. Wise. I am so conscious of my own demerits, I dare not ask the question.

Spri.

Spri. Spoke like your self, my lord.—If *Honor*a had but a little spice of the coquette in her composition, she'd lead you a wild-goose-chase for that unseasonable humility.—However I will bring your affairs to an eclairsissement presently.—Do you think you cou'd make good your own professions?

L. Wife. And summon all the faculties of my soul to witness my sincerity.

Spri. I will answer for the lady then.

Hon. Pray, good forward sir, give me leave to answer for my self.

Spri. I intend it, madam, as soon as you come to the proper place. Nay, if you offer to demur, I will discover all:—how—

Hon. Hold your tongue, I beg you.—I'll cram my fan down your throat else.

Spri. If you had been refractory, I had certainly told him all you gave me in confidence.—That you lov'd him before he first address'd your sister,—that you sympathiz'd in all his sufferings; that you conjur'd me by the ties of friendship, to endeavour to reclaim—

Hon. Dear *Cleora*, help me to beat him.

Spri. How you us'd to force a smile to sooth his torments, and when he was gone, retire to your closet to weep: how—

Hon. I vow you are a provoking creature.—I'll be as good as my word. (*Claps her fan before her face.*)

Cle. Ha, ha, ha!—I am afraid, my dear, your triumph will be as short as mine.

Hon. Why, then, my dear, we will turn the triumph from a painful perverseness, and (since we have men of honour to deal with) glory in the discovery.

L. Wife. And I, madam, will make it my study to bury the remembrance of my unworthiness in future merits.

Cle. But after all, for decency sake, we should suspend the consummation, it looks so like a comedy, methinks, as soon as we have clear'd up difficulties to fall to coupling.

Hon. Well observ'd, *Cleora*—we shall have some poet or other pick up our story, and represent it on the stage.

Spri.

Spri. That will never be the way to make it known, for our comic writers have a knack of hiding wit and good humour with so much cunning, that I defy the world to find it out.

L. Wife. It would be a special catch for a young beginner, who hath been straining a twelve-month at a first act, and being pleas'd with his happy talent, thinks it time to look about for a plot to go on with.

Cle. However, for fear of the worst, let us baulk the plot, for without marriage, you know, the comedy cannot be complear.

L. Wife. Suppose we talk over this affair at supper, and submit our selves to the discretion of the ladies.——I cannot help observing upon my bless'd conversion.

How mean is beauty, that relies on art!

Hon. How trifling mode, that cramps a generous heart!

Spri. Hey-day! rhyming in couples! it looks like harmony, I confess.——Prithee, *Cleora*, let you and I try, I fancy we might find something to say upon our case.——'tis a copious subject.

Cle. Since love hath learnt to speak without a tongue,

Spri. Affected coyness doth the passion wrong.

Cle. In vain with inclination we contend,

Spri. To pain the lover, you disgust the friend.

Caprice but damps the flame it strives to raise,
Tho' phrensy sooths it with a short-liv'd blaze.
Who sue with honour, are with honour ty'd,
To scorn th' injurious insolence of pride.
Ill-judging beauty! fated to obey
The crouching slaves, who deify its sway.
None cringe ignobly but who power crave,
And the worst tyrant is a ruling slave.
Stood to the gen'rous, if you seek controull;
Vertue will fix your empire on his soul.





EPILOGUE.

*Harlequin on a throne representing Apollo—
——Scaramouch and Punch distinguish'd as
serjeants at the bar all crown'd with bays.*

Harlequin.

HERE! ———critick guards and jailers of Parnassus,
Attend! ———and bring before us this audacious,
(Poet haul'd in with his fool's-cap, guarded
by anticks, crown'd with bays.

Ant. Down on your knees before Apollo's grace.

Po. Is that his highness with the sooty face?

He's well describ'd; ———for I must own 'tis fit,

Since of burlesque the source is sacred writ,

The prince of d———ls be stil'd the god of wit.

Har. Haste, brother caper-wit! ———declare his crimes,

Scar. Th' ungracious bard hath satyriz'd the times.

Farce and grimace by which we hold our right,

Are the scoff'd objects of the driveler's spight.

Har. Should we for wit profan'd admit excuse,

Th' incens'd beau monde would ne'er forgive th' abuse;

Bar postures, sneers and inartic'late jokes,

They would be doom'd to dulness like mean folks.

Pun. May't please your highness, he's a rhyming sor,

A quibbling, paultry-scribler, ———and what not?

Har. Ay, now we come to critick wit and learning;

This favours strong of judgment and discerning.

Po. May I not plead my cause, since none espouse it?

Pun. Nor critick law, nor equity allows it?

The facts are plain.

Har.

EPILOGUE.

Har. *Is there no news as yet
Come from our learned brethren of the pit?
It was but right to ask their consultation,
Who represent the criticks of the nation.
Oh! here it comes.*————

(An antick enters and delivers a paper
to Scaramouch on his knees.

Read it with solemn tone of approbation.

Scar. (Reads.) ———— *T'his highness Harlequin, the god
of jests,*

We rulers of the Ivy-bush confess'd————

Po. *For the short-sighted flock of Pallas a fit nest*————

Scar. *Send greeting.—Your complaints being duly weigh'd
'Gainst an intruder to the scribbling trade,
Regardless of the merits of his cause,
As custom leads us, we pronounce the laws:
To run the gantlope through the smarts and doxies,
(The bawdy wits above; then through the boxes,
Doom'd by ingenious shrugs and wise grimaces
Of beaus; ———— the squeamish foh of pretty faces
Shrivell'd by scorn judicious; ———— the last stage is
To be turn'd over to the bench of sages:
His limbs distorted to be flead alive;
His memory embalmed to survive
In costly pickle; purchas'd at high rate
From the well-spoken tribe of Billings-gate.*

Pun. *The doom is just.*

Po. *Some mercy, I beseech.*

Har. *'Tis granted. ———— Let him make his dying speech.*

(Anticks raise him on their shoulders.)

Po. *Since critic malice will no quarter give,
But the first fault is death without reprieve,
Constrain'd I quit the stage; ——— but ere I die,
I share my little stock in legacy.
My wit I leave to servile imitators,
Dramatick botchers, and such vile translators,
That having something, they may call their own,
They mayn't despoil the dead, and cheat the town.*

My

EPILOGUE.

My judgment to the growing critic race,
 That like their dull fore-fathers of these days,
 They mayn't set up without a stock. ——— My learning,
 To those whose parts nor time allow the earning,
 To serve our young nobility's occasion,
 Who travel for the credit of the nation.
 To pleaders at the bar my eloquence,
 Since against rightful ruin there's no fence,
 To gild blunt frauds and harsh impertinence.
 Teach well-bred gent a grain of sense:
 But least that weighty lot give too much care,
 Let each divide it with his fav'rite fair.
 My modesty ——— (I dread to give offence,
 Because I know 'tis unpolite as sense.)
 But since the masquing habits swell in price,
 I'd recommend it as a cheap disguise:
 Fear not, ye fair, 'twill balk your titillation;
 Like chastity 'twill pass for affectation.
 My faith to court-fed lords, ——— that each may have
 Enough to swear by, and his honour save.
 My manners to the rural dames, whose passion
 Is t'appear sparkish in a worn-out fashion.
 My toping vessels to their spouses dear,
 To qualify 'em to be knights o'th' shire.
 My honesty to th' city I dispense,
 For there 'twill ne'er appear to give offence.
 My sophistry let sage free-thinkers take,
 To send us to the d ——— l for wisdom's sake.
 My cap, ——— patience, good sirs, I see your aim;
 You are all ready to put in your claim.
 But 'tis my will, strict search be made around
 Court, country, city, and if one be found
 Religious, wise and honest, let this crown
 Mark the unsociable ill-bred clown
 The jest of wits, and scandal to the town.
 I fear, good sirs, I trespass on your patience,
 But we're allow'd to speak on these occasions.
 Dear brethren of the quill, if you must write,
 Keep the old rule ——— our sect have thriv'd by't.

EPILOGUE.

*If you should catch a straggling jest, be sure
To torture it, till it becomes obscure;
Or else to clear your selves before the town,
Choak it with ornamental dulness of your own.
Let naked smut adorn each luscious page,
The masquerades will justify the stage.
Tickle the cue—— it is a clapping age.*

(An antick enters in a hurry.)

*An. Your highness' court is circled by invaders,——
A sweeping train of ranting masqueraders
Rush madly on, and swear with bell'wing hollow,
That H——r shall be declar'd Apollo.*

*Har. Then we're betray'd!——haste wits!——without delay.
Trust to your airy wings, and fly away.*

(They drop the poet, and vanish.)

*Po. Timely reprieve!——but tho' one danger's fled,
I fear another falling on my head:
You'll say this cap might save me;——but 'tis seen,
Nearness of fortune moves the rival's spleen.
'Twill what my brother scriblers then more keen.*

*But to the wise my cause I recommend;
True learning mildly censures like a friend:
None forgive faults like those who know to mend.*

*For you, ye fair, whose vert'ous merit fires
Ev'ry chaste soul and chills profane desires,
For you the contrast struggles in the scene,
And vertue triumphs o'er a beauteous meen.
What the satyrick muse with heat decries,
A study'd rev'rence for your worth supplies,
If then you smile, I boast this greater praise,
I gain your favour, tho' I lose the bays.*

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Note This History was begun in the Month of *June*
1724. and has since continued to be published
in Monthly Parts, and will be continued so till the
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P L A Y S

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